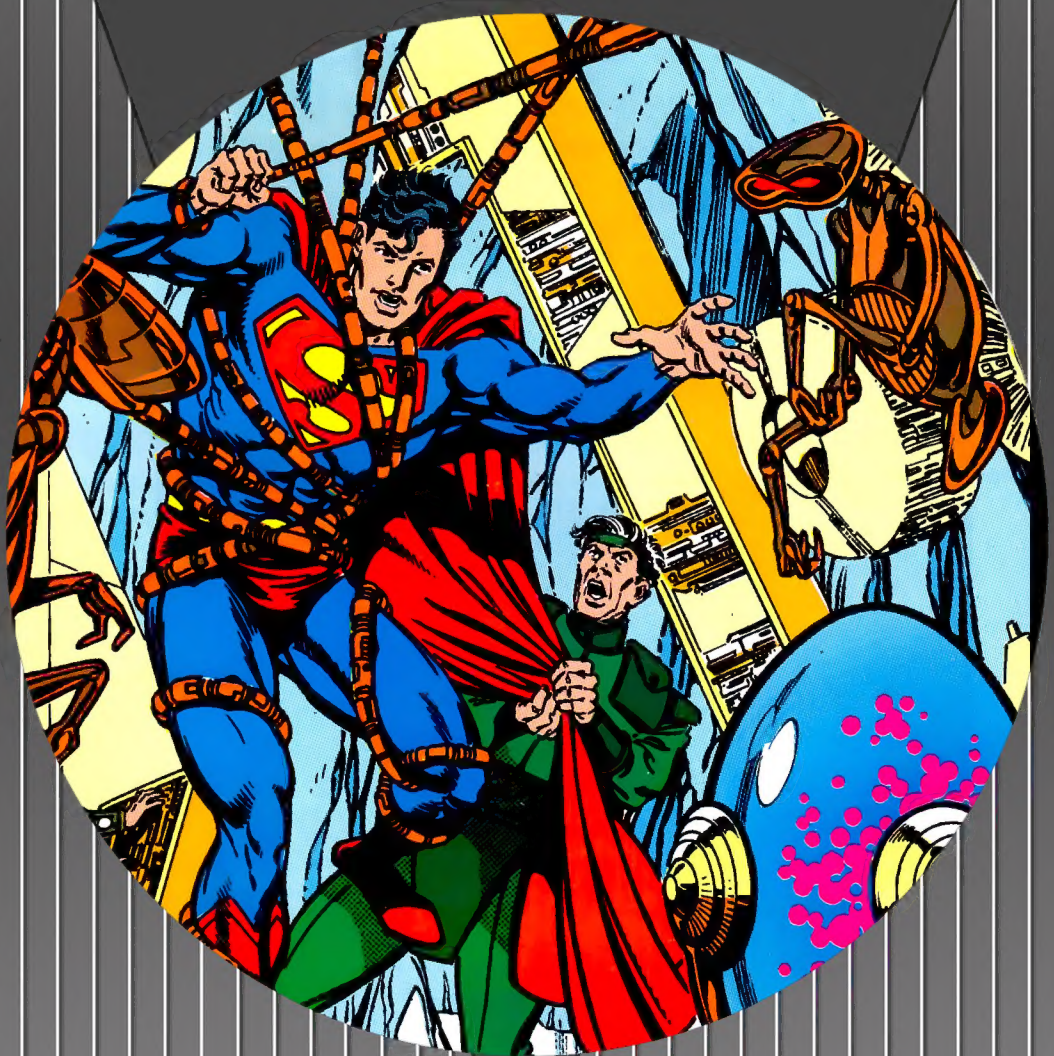
SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

Volume 31:

Eradication



THE BLEACHED FROZEN WASTELAND OF ANTARCTICA STRETCHES ENDLESSLY BEFORE HIM.

HARD PACKED ICE AND SNOW, SOMETIMES MORE THAN 9,000 FEET THICK DILIGENTLY GUARD HER TIMELESS SECRETS.

FIERCE, BITING WINDS BATTER AWAY AT HIM BUT HIS INVULNERABLE BODY IGNORES THEM WITH EASE AND PRESSES ON. FOR HE IS...

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

...AND HE SEEKS--

SOLITUDE

GEORGE PEREZ - PLOT * DAN JURGENS WORDS AND PICTURES * TIM GULA - FINISHER
ALBERT DEGUZMAN - LETTERER * GLENN WHITMORE - COLORIST *
JONATHAN PETERSON - ASSOCIATE EDITOR * MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR

ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 459 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc , 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103 POSTMASTER Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $9 00, Canada $14 00, all other foreign $21 00 U S funds only. Copyright © 1989 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional All characters featured in this issue and distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representative: 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 391-1400 Printed in U S A
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FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK OUT.

MONTHS AGO I EXILED MYSELF IN SPACE AFTER DISCOVERING THAT I WAS "BLACKING OUT"... BECOMING *GANGBUSTER* WITHOUT REALIZING IT.

THE FEAR THAT I MIGHT LOSE CONTROL--

--HURT THOSE AROUND ME--WAS TOO GREAT.

AND NOW, EVEN AFTER MY RETURN, THAT FEAR IS *STILL* THERE.

FIRST *MATRIX*--WHO WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY--ATTACKED MA, PA, AND LANA!

AND NOW POOR *JIMMY OLSEN*, PROBABLY THE BEST FRIEND I HAVE, IS SUFFERING BECAUSE OF ME.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT HAMILTON SAYS...

BIG DIFFERENCE *THIS* TIME IS THAT I'M NOT GOING TO RUN AWAY.

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO...

...BUT I AM GOING TO DO *SOMETHING*.

I *HAVE* TO... FOR JIMMY...

HEY, *PROFESSOR* HAMILTON--

--WHEN DO I GET TO BLOW THIS JOINT?

I'VE BEEN PACKED IN THIS GIZMO SO LONG YOU MIGHT AS WELL START CALLING ME "JIMMY OLSEN, THE HUMAN SARDINE"!

GETTING A LITTLE BORED IN THAT ISOCHAMBER, EH, JIMMY?

GEE, PROFESSOR, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE YOU GOT THAT IDEA!

SARCASM DOES NOT BECOME YOU, BOY!

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I THAT WE HAVE TO IDENTIFY THE GENETIC DISORDER WHICH CAUSED YOUR BODY TO STRETCH OUT OF CONTROL!

IF DR. FAULKNER HADN'T ARRANGED ENTRANCE INTO THIS *S.T.A.R.* FACILITY WE'D STILL BE RUNNING CIRCLES AT MY LAB!

UNFORTUNATELY WE STILL HAVE TO KEEP YOU *ISOLATED.*

WHILE I *SUSPECT* YOU'RE NONCOMMUNICABLE, IT'S BEST WE BE CAUTIOUS!

HELLO, PROFESSOR.

I REQUESTED THAT THIS BUILDING BE *CLEARED*! IF-- OH, IT'S *YOU*, SUPERMAN!

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, PROFESSOR, BUT THIS HAS BEEN MY FIRST CHANCE TO CHECK UP ON YOU TWO!

I TRIED TO GET BACK EARLIER, JIMMY! HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

MEDICALLY SPEAKING HE'S FINE. *TEMPERAMENTALLY* SPEAKING, THOUGH...

AW, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SUPERMAN, I'M DOIN' GREAT! *REALLY!*

WHY THE GLASS BOOTH? AND WHY THE PROTECTIVE GEAR, PROFESSOR? JIMMY *CAN'T* BE CONTAGIOUS...

HERE'S THE VARIOUS DATA WE'VE COLLECTED, SO FAR, SUPERMAN!

YOUNG OLSEN HERE UNDOUBTEDLY REPRESENTS THE BEST DOCUMENTED BODY ON THE PLANET BY NOW!

A CREDIT TO YOUR PAINSTAKING TESTS, I'M SURE.

EVERY TEST I'VE RUN ON HIM COMES BACK CLEAR! AT THIS MOMENT JIMMY IS HEALTHIER AND MORE NORMAL THAN I AM!

"ALL SCANS INDICATE THAT HIS ORGANS, HIS SKELETAL STRUCTURE, CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM...

"...EVERYTHING IS AS IT SHOULD BE! IT'S AS THOUGH HIS 'ELASTIC' EPISODE NEVER OCCURRED!"

WE KNOW FOR A FACT THAT A *GENETIC REARRANGEMENT* ACCOUNTED FOR JIMMY'S CHANGE BUT WE *STILL* DON'T KNOW WHAT TRIGGERED IT!

NOW, THIS GRAPH APPROXIMATES JIMMY'S GENETIC GRID OVER THE PAST SEVERAL WEEKS!

YOU'RE HOPING THAT GRAPH WILL LEAD YOU TO THE SMOKING GUN?

I'VE BEEN GOIN' NUTS TRYING TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING I DID FOR THE PAST THREE WEEKS!

YOUR EFFORTS MAY AT LAST BE REWARDED, JIMMY.

TELL ME, SUPERMAN, WHAT WERE YOU DOING AT *10:00* ELEVEN DAYS AGO?

EASY... THAT'S A DAY I'LL NEVER FORGET!

AFTER WEEKS OF WANDERING THE GALAXIES I FINALLY RETURNED TO EARTH! IN FACT, AT ABOUT THAT VERY TIME...

"...I HAD JUST SET FOOT ON THE DAILY PLANET ROOF!"

AHH... AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

"WELL, PERRY WHITE, JIMMY AND A FEW OTHER STAFFERS CAME OUT TO WELCOME ME!

"I REMEMBER BEING QUITE GLAD ABOUT SEEING THEM AGAIN!"

WOW! I REALLY MUST BE HIS FRIEND!

YEAH! IN FACT, SUPERMAN WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE US AGAIN--

"--THAT HE PLUCKED ME RIGHT OFF THE GROUND AND DARN NEAR THREW ME OVER HIS HEAD!"

WAIT JUST ONE MINUTE HERE! ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT IT WAS THEN THAT JIMMY STARTED TO CHANGE?

NO, BUT IT DOES ACCOUNT FOR A BLIP ON HIS GENETIC GRAPH, THOUGH AFTER THAT HE WAS APPARENTLY NORMAL!

NOW, AFTER THAT YOU TWO...

I REMEMBER!

THE NEXT TIME WE SAW EACH OTHER WAS AT CLARK KENT'S PLACE!

"I MEAN, I EVEN GOT TO TAKE THEIR PICTURE TOGETHER!"

AH, NOW LOOK HERE! IT WAS AT THAT VERY POINT THAT JIMMY'S GENETIC MATRIX BEGAN TO CHANGE AND BECOME SOMETHING *DANGEROUS!*

DID YOU TOUCH JIMMY DURING THAT ENCOUNTER?

HOLD IT! I DON'T THINK I--

SHORTLY AFTER YOUR MEETING HIS GENETIC STRUCTURE BEGAN TO FLUCTUATE *WILDLY!*

AND THIS, RIGHT HERE, WHERE IT FINALLY ZOOMS OFF THE CHART--

"--IS THE EXACT POINT AT WHICH JIMMY ACTUALLY BEGAN TO STRETCH!"

ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT I CAUSED THIS? THAT *I* ACTUALLY MADE JIMMY CHANGE?

NOT ONLY ARE YOU AN ALIEN... BUT YOU WERE IN DEEP SPACE AS WELL! *WHO KNOWS* WHAT YOU CAME IN *CONTACT* WITH?

WELL, IF YOU REALLY THINK IT WAS ME... GO AHEAD... EXAMINE ME!

OH, IT'S YOU, SUPERMAN...

I'M NOT WEARING THIS SUIT FOR PROTECTION FROM JIMMY--

--I'M WEARING IT TO PROTECT ME FROM *YOU!*

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER--SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THE POTENTIAL COMPLICATIONS I WAS DEALING WITH.

BUT I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT... NEVER CONSIDERED THE *DANGER* I WAS PLACING OTHERS IN!

AND NOW, JIMMY'S PAYING THE PRICE OF MY *NEGLIGENCE!*

OKAY, SUPERMAN, LET'S SEE WHAT TREASURES WE CAN DISCOVER HERE!

I'VE EXAMINED YOU IN THE PAST SO IT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG TO RUN THIS CHECK!

WHATEVER IT TAKES, PROFESSOR! I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS AS BADLY AS YOU TWO!

NO OFFENSE, SUPERMAN, BUT THE PROFESSOR *INSISTED* I WEAR THIS CRAZY ZOOT SUIT!

I REALLY DO APPRECIATE YOUR HELP! I MEAN, GEEZ, IF I BEGAN STRETCHING AGAIN...

...I THINK I'D TOTALLY *LOSE* IT!

LET'S JUST HOPE WE FIND WHAT WE NEED TO SOLVE THIS BEFORE I TURN INTO A GALACTIC TYPHOID MARY!

COLORFULLY PUT, SUPERMAN. I'VE COMPLETED THE SCAN OF YOU AND YOUR CLOTHES--

--YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND GET DRESSED WHILE THE COMPUTERS SORT THE RESULTS AND DEVELOP SOME ANSWERS FOR US!

AH, HERE WE GO! AND, JUST AS I SUSPECTED, THERE IS A SLIGHT TRACE OF A *HARMLESS* BACTERIUM ON YOUR COSTUME!

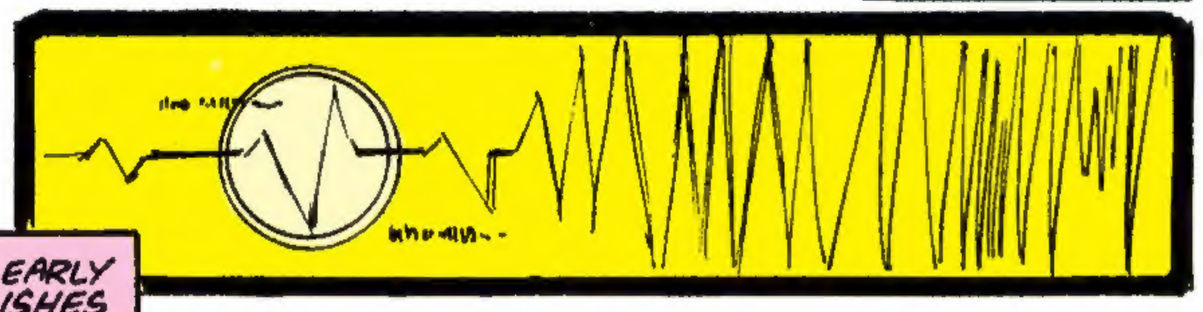
HARMLESS?! THEN WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!

MAN, I *KNEW* YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS, SUPERMAN!

DON'T BE SO SURE. I'VE JUXTAPOSED YOUR TWO TIMETABLES AND THE RESULTS ARE QUITE REVEALING!

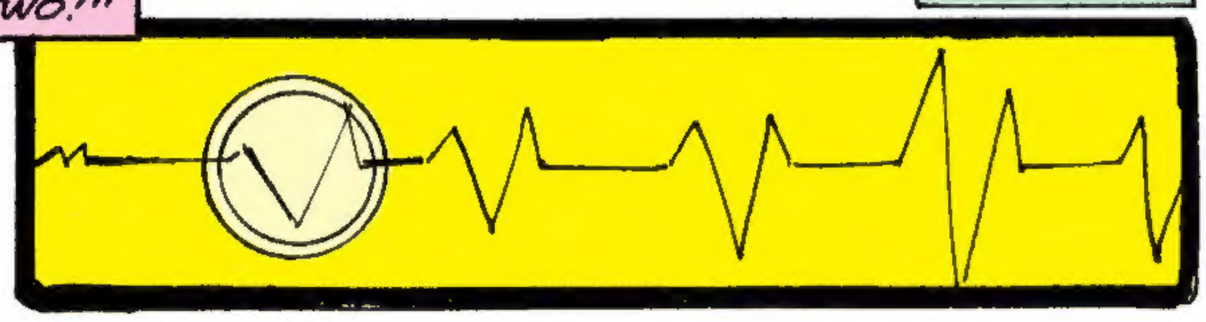
YOUR CHARTS DIFFER OVERALL EXCEPT FOR THE MOMENT WHEN YOU EMBRACED YOUNG OLSEN ON THE ROOF-TOP!

OLSEN, JAMES



"THIS CLEARLY ESTABLISHES A LINK BETWEEN YOU TWO!!!"

SUPERMAN



YES, BUT AFTER THAT MY CHART IS NORMAL, UNLESS...

UNLESS?

"AFTER LEAVING JIMMY I REMEMBER TAKING A SCALDING SHOWER! WHAT EFFECT WOULD THAT HAVE?"

WELL, IT COULD'VE WASHED AWAY THE BACTERIA I SUPPOSE...

...YET I'M PUZZLED BY THIS SLIGHT ANOMALY IN YOUR CHART. DID ANYTHING OF NOTE OCCUR A COUPLE OF HOURS AFTER YOUR SHOWER?

"AS A MATTER OF FACT I WITNESSED A SMALL EXPLOSION ABOUT THAT TIME, PROFESSOR! WHY?"

WAS THERE ANYTHING NOTICEABLE OR UNUSUAL, FROM YOUR POINT OF VIEW, ABOUT THIS EXPLOSION?

HAVE TO BE CAREFUL HERE--CAN'T LET MY SECRET IDENTITY BECOME A POINT OF SUSPICION!

"SORRY, PROFESSOR, BUT NEAR AS I CAN RECALL THERE WAS NOTHING AT ALL UNUSUAL!"

YOU SEEM PENSIVE--UNSURE! WHAT ELSE HAPPENED AROUND THAT TIME?

"AS JIMMY TOLD YOU EARLIER, IT WAS ABOUT THEN THAT WE MET AT KENT'S PLACE!"

HOLD THE PRESSES,,,! *MATRIX*.' COULD THAT MASS OF ARTIFICIAL PROTOMATTER BE THE CULPRIT HERE? IF SO--

YOUR UNIFORM'S PREVIOUS TEST RESULTS DIFFER FROM TODAY'S.

IN FACT, I FOUND TRACES OF AN ELEMENT IN YOUR CAPE'S POUCH THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

YOU MIGHT BE ON TO SOMETHING HERE, PROFESSOR. DURING MY JOURNEY I DID COME ACROSS SOMETHING THAT I BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH IN MY *CAPE*!

"IT'S ACTUALLY A RELIC OF MY ORIGIN PLANET, KRYPTON'S ANCIENT PAST--AND I HAD IT WITH ME WHEN I FIRST SAW JIMMY.'

"...BUT IT WAS THERE WITH ME LATER WHEN JIMMY VISITED CLARK AND ME!

"THIS DEVICE...THIS *ERADICATOR*... HAS INCREDIBLE AND UNLIMITED POWERS!

"I DON'T KNOW HOW OR EVEN WHY, BUT IT CREATED THIS--AS YOU NOTED--NEW COSTUME FOR ME!"

"NOT ONLY WAS IT PRESENT AT THE EXPLOSION...

EVER SINCE THE *CLERIC* GAVE ME THE ERADICATOR I'VE FELT... *BONDED* TO IT SOMEHOW.

IT REPRESENTED SOMETHING TO ME I'D NEVER KNOWN BEFORE--A PHYSICAL, TANGIBLE LINK TO MY KRYPTONIAN PAST!

I'VE ALWAYS KEPT MY KRYPTONIAN LEGACY AT ARM'S LENGTH BECAUSE I KNEW IT WAS A PAST I COULD NEVER REACH!

BUT NOW THIS ENIGMATIC DEVICE HAS BECOME THE EMBODIMENT OF AN ENTIRE WORLD--A PEOPLE--I'VE NEVER KNOWN...

...WHILE AT THE SAME TIME BECOMING AN UNBEARABLE *CURSE!*

"EVEN AS I GOT THE ERADICATOR FROM MY APARTMENT I TRIED TO DENY THAT IT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR JIMMY'S PROBLEM.'

"ALL THE WAY BACK TO S.T.A.R.. I TRIED TO THINK OF OTHER POSSIBLE CAUSES, BUT THE ANSWER WAS ALWAYS THE SAME..."

YET, DESPITE ALL THE ERADICATOR'S MYSTERIOUS ABILITIES--

--I *NEVER* EXPECTED WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN NEXT...

THIS IS IT, PROFESSOR... THE *ERADICATOR!*

IT'S OLDER THAN ANY MAN-MADE ARTIFACT ON EARTH AND--BESIDES MYSELF--THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF KRYPTON!

SUCH A CURIOUS CONSTRUCTION--MIND IF I EXAMINE IT FURTHER?

BE CAREFUL WHILE YOU DO IT, IT WAS DESIGNED AS A POWERFUL WEAPON!

ITS MOLECULAR COMPOSITION IS SO DIFFERENT, SO *ALIEN* THAT MY INSTRUMENTS CAN'T EVEN "READ" IT!

IT'S LIKE NO METAL OR PLASTIC I'VE EVER SEEN!

I DON'T GET IT, SUPERMAN! WHAT EXACTLY *IS* THAT THING?

I'M NOT SURE MYSELF, JIMMY, IT'S *TRUE* NATURE IS LONG BURIED IN THE CURRENTS OF TIME!

"MORE THAN 200,000 YEARS AGO A PROPHET FROM ANOTHER WORLD CAME TO KRYPTON AND PREACHED AGAINST THE EVILS OF CLONING!

"KRYPTONIANS, YOU SEE, WERE CLONED AT BIRTH TO PROVIDE A LONG LASTING POOL OF REPLACEMENT PARTS AND ORGANS!

"THE RULING ESTABLISHMENT TOOK GREAT EXCEPTION TO THE CLERIC'S TEACHINGS!

"USING THEIR OWN RELIGION, SCIENCE, THEY CREATED THE ERADICATOR AS A WEAPON TO KILL THE CLERIC!

"IT WAS A WEAPON OF INCREDIBLE POWER AND DESTRUCTION.

"FOR REASONS I CAN'T EXPLAIN... THE CLERIC SOMEHOW SURVIVED ITS BLAST!

I MUST ADMIT THAT I'M ASTOUNDED BY THE TECHNOLOGY THAT PRODUCED THIS!

IT DEFIES MY EVERY ATTEMPT AT ANALYSIS-- ALMOST AS IF IT *CHOOSES* TO DO SO!

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW *MUCH* ABOUT THAT THING BUT IT CAN'T HAVE ITS OWN FORM OF *INTELLIGENCE*, CAN IT!

WHA--? WHY, LOOK AT THIS! THESE FIN-LIKE APPENDAGES ARE ADJUSTABLE!

WAIT, PROFESSOR--! DON'T!

THERE'S NO WAY TO KNOW WHAT YOU MAY HAVE JUST ACTIVATED!

"CENTURIES AGO AFTER THEY TRIED TO KILL THE CLERIC, A SOLDIER TRIPPED ONE OF THOSE APPENDAGES...

"...AND THE RESULT WAS A CATACLYSMIC, SILENT EXPLOSION THAT KILLED THOUSANDS!"

IF YOU'VE FLIPPED THE SAME APPENDAGE...

MERCIFUL MADONNA...

MAN, AM I EVER GLAD I SNUCK OUT OF *THERE!*

I'VE BEEN UNDER THE PROFESSOR'S MAGNIFYING GLASS FOR THE LAST THIRTY-SIX HOURS--

--AND IT'S DRIVING ME *NUTSO!*

ONE MORE LUNG FULL OF THIS WEIRD SMELLING, ULTRA PURIFIED, LABORATORY OXYGEN...,

...AND I'D'VE TURNED INTO A *MECHANICAL* MAN RATHER THAN A *RUBBER* ONE.' IN FACT--

THE EXPLOSION MANIFESTS ITSELF WITH THE FULL FURY OF AN ANCIENT SCIENCE GONE MAD...

WALLS BUILT TO WITHSTAND EARTHQUAKES AND HURRICANE-FORCE WINDS BUCKLE LIKE TISSUE PAPER...

AND MOST ASTOUNDING OF ALL -- THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO SOUND...

THE BLAST IS TOTALLY SILENT!

OH, MAN, THAT ERADICATOR MUST HAVE--

--WHAT'S GOING ON? I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF TALK!

I'M *DEAF!!!* THE EXPLOSION MADE ME--

NO, WAIT--I CAN HEAR A HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL COMING FROM--!

MAN, OH MAN, OH MAN...

PROFESSOR HAMILTON?
SUPERMAN!?

IT'S GONE BERBERK! ALL THIS NOISELESS WIND...AND PURE DESTRUCTIVE FORCE!

THE MINDS WHO INVENTED THAT THING MUST HAVE BEEN GENIUSES--OR MONSTERS!

GOT TO GET THE PROFESSOR OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE'S STRUCK BY ANY DEBRIS!

YOU GUYS HAVE GOT TO BE ALIVE IN THERE! YOU'VE JUST GOT TO BE!

SUPERMAN?!

COULD'VE SWORN I HEARD SOMEONE CALLING--!

JIMMY! GET THE DEVIL OUT OF HERE WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

SUPERMAN--I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU...

I'M NOT LEAVING... YOU AND THE PROFESSOR NEED MY HELP!

JIMMY, IF IT REALLY WAS THE ERADICATOR THAT ALTERED YOUR GENETIC MAKE UP--

-- THERE'S NO *TELLING* WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU NEXT!

MOVE IT!

YAARGH!

UHN...FEEL LIKE SOMEONE JUST STUCK A WHITE-HOT POKER THROUGH ME AND--!

OH, NO...

NOOO!

NOT AGAIN! NOT AGAIN!

THE ERADICATOR STRUCK JUST AFTER I WARNED JIMMY--

--ALMOST AS THOUGH IT *HEARD* ME--AS THOUGH IT WANTED TO *PROVE* TO ME IT COULD BE DONE!

SUPERMAN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? DON'T LEAVE ME!

SOON AS I GET THE PROFESSOR TO SAFE GROUND I'LL BE BACK, JIM!

ONE OF YOU INFECTED THIS WAY IS ENOUGH!

JUST HAVE TO HOPE THAT MY CAPE AND HIS CONTAINMENT SUIT WERE ENOUGH TO PROTECT HAMILTON!

SUPERMAN... THAT ALIEN DEVICE IS BEYOND ALL COMPREHENSION!

TO UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS-- WHY, THINK OF THE GOOD WE COULD DO!

ALL I SEE RIGHT NOW IS CHAOS AND A YOUNG VICTIM, PROFESSOR! MY FIRST PRIORITY IS TO SAVE JIMMY...

...AND THEN I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO SHUT THAT THING DOWN!

LAST TIME THIS HAPPENED I DISCOVERED THAT JIMMY'S BODY WAS ADAPTABLE--

--THAT IT IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO GET HOLD OF HIM!

NO TIME FOR EXPERIMENTATION THIS GO AROUND! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT BOY OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE ERADICATOR SPRINGS A NEW SURPRISE!

IF I POSITION MYSELF IN FRONT OF HIM AND ABSORB HIS MOMENTUM RATHER THAN ATTEMPT TO CATCH HIM--

--I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CARRY US RIGHT OUTSIDE TO SAFETY!

BY THUNDER! YOUNG OLSEN HAS ELASTICIZED AGAIN!

WE WERE RIGHT, SUPERMAN! IT WAS THE ERADICATOR ALL ALO--

AIEEEE!

HEADS UP, PROFESSOR!

MY-- WORD! OOOF

WAIT-- SUPERMAN-- YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS?!

HAVE TO, JIMMY! IF I DON'T NEUTRALIZE THE ERADICATOR SOON--

--HALF THE CITY MAY END UP LIKE YOU!

OH. WELL, GEE... I GUESS YOU'RE THE EXPERT ON THIS KIND OF STUFF.

THE AMOUNT OF RAW ENERGY EMANATING FROM THAT THING COULD POWER METROPOLIS FOR A WEEK!

SO INTENSE-- SO BRIGHT--LIKE A MINIATURE SUN!

CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER HOW THIS MIGHT AFFECT *ME*--ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S OF *KRYPTONIAN* ORIGIN!

NO MATTER-- RIGHT NOW I STILL HAVE TO *STOP* IT!

AND SINCE MY CAPE HAS CONTAINED IT IN THE PAST...

...I MIGHT AS WELL GO WITH WHAT WORKS!

THE ENERGY--FEELS LIKE IT'S *SEARING* RIGHT THROUGH ME--CAN'T EVEN...

...SEE?!

WELL, I'LL BE...

IT'S SHUT ITSELF *DOWN!*

EITHER THAT OR ITS POWER IS SIMPLY USED UP. AND CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT IT'S FLOATING UNDER ITS OWN STEAM...

...I RATHER DOUBT THAT'S THE CASE. SO *WHY* DID IT DEACTIVATE THIS TIME?

DID IT SOMEHOW SENSE THAT I WAS ABOUT TO TAKE CONTROL OF IT?

SUPERMAN?! ARE YOU STILL ALIVE IN THERE?

STILL ALIVE... *AND* KICKING, PROFESSOR!

FIREWORKS AND ONE DESTROYED LAB ASIDE, I'D SAY IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS'RE BACK TO NORMAL!

OR AT LEAST AS NORMAL AS THINGS GET WITH *THIS* PAIN IN MY NECK!

HOW'S JIMMY?

JIMMY'S A BASKET CASE, THAT'S HOW JIMMY IS!

THE SCANNING EQUIPMENT BUILT INTO THIS UNIFORM IS RATHER LIMITED...

...BUT WHAT I'VE SEEN SO FAR INDICATES HE'S FINE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID BEFORE... AND I'M STILL MAKING LIKE A RUBBER BAND!

TRUE, BUT LOOK AT THE POSITIVE.

WE'VE ESTABLISHED WITHOUT DOUBT THAT THE ERADICATOR IS THE SOURCE OF ALL YOUR TROUBLES!

PROFESSOR HAMILTON'S RIGHT, JIM. ONCE WE GET RID OF THE ERADICATOR YOUR TROUBLES SHOULD BE OVER!

THIS ALIEN TECHNOLOGY IS OBVIOUSLY HARMFUL TO HUMAN LIFE--

--MAYBE EVEN FATAL! AND WITH THAT IN MIND...

...THIS RELIC OF KRYPTONIAN SCIENCE HAS GOT TO GO!

NO HUMAN BEING CAN EVER ENCOUNTER THE ERADICATOR AGAIN!

"NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO WITH IT, SUPERMAN--

"--WE ARE STILL LEFT WITH A RATHER SUBSTANTIAL PROBLEM HERE."

"I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT, PROFESSOR."

"EVEN IF OLSEN NEVER COMES IN CONTACT WITH THE ERADICATOR AGAIN HE STILL MAY SUFFER LONG TERM CONSEQUENCES FROM THIS EXPERIENCE!"

"HOW DO WE DETERMINE THAT? WE CAN'T LET THIS THING SNEAK UP AND BITE JIMMY FIVE YEARS FROM NOW!"

"FRANKLY, SUPERMAN, I'M STUMPED. EVEN S.T.A.R.'S EQUIPMENT ISN'T SOPHISTICATED ENOUGH TO ANALYZE A GENETIC ALTERING OF THIS MAGNITUDE!

"AND I WOULD HESITATE TO MAKE ANY KIND OF A PROMISE TO THE YOUNG MAN."

"PROFESSOR... I KNOW OF A CERTAIN RESEARCH INSTALLATION WITH THE MOST SOPHISTICATED GENETIC FACILITIES ON EARTH...

"CADMUS?"

"YES, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TAKE JIMMY THERE AND LET THEIR SCIENTISTS HAVE A SHOT AT CURING HIM!"

"IF YOU THINK THEY'RE CAPABLE..."

"NO OFFENSE, PROFESSOR, BUT THEY ARE THE BEST!

"... BUT ALL I'VE HEARD ABOUT THEIR WORK SOUNDS AS THOUGH THEY'RE HEADING TOWARDS ADVANCED CLONING!

"AND ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU SAID HELPED LEAD TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ERADICATOR IN THE FIRST PLACE?"

"PROJECT CADMUS'S WORK WITH GENETICS IS LIGHT YEARS BEYOND ANYONE ELSE'S!"

"FORGIVE ME, SUPERMAN...

"A STRANGE IRONY I SUPPOSE, PROFESSOR.

"I DON'T DARE DESTROY THE ERADICATOR-- THE RESULTING ENERGY BLAST MIGHT BE ENOUGH TO DESTROY HALF THE PLANET.!

"BUT I'M GOING TO HIDE IT WHERE IT CAN NEVER HARM ANYONE AGAIN...

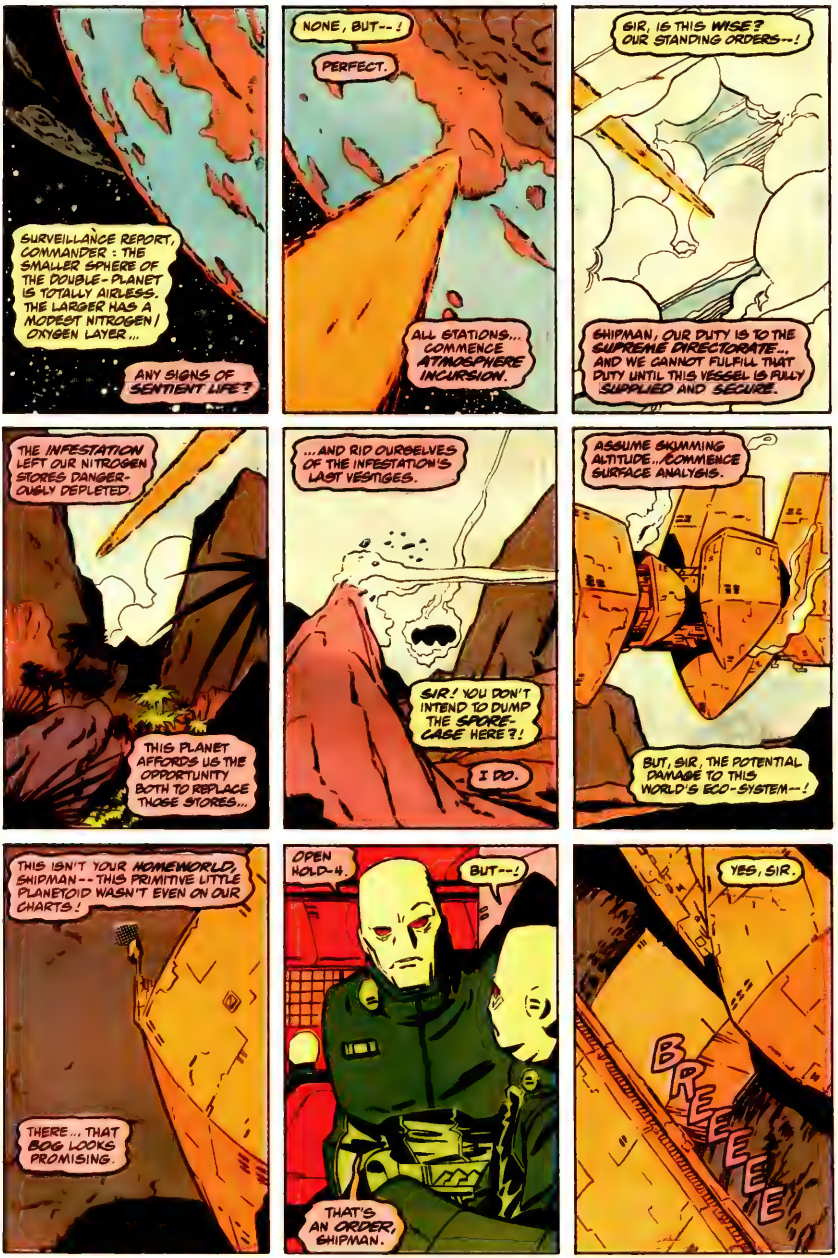
"...AND THEN I'LL BE BACK TO HELP JIMMY.!"

NEXT ISSUE:

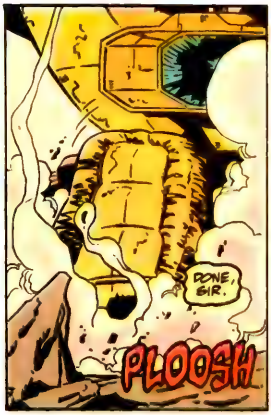
IN ADVENTURES #460 "THE KRYPTONIAN FORTRESS!"

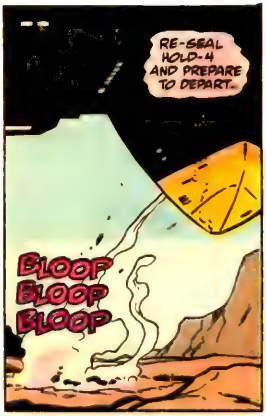
BUT FIRST "THE BEAST AWAKENS" IN ACTION COMICS #646!

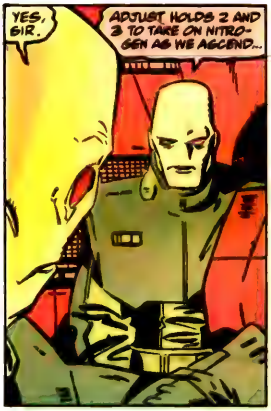
THEN IN THREE WEEKS SUPERMAN'S EX-PAL "ESCAPES FROM THE CADMUS PROJECT" IN SUPERMAN #37!


SURVEILLANCE REPORT, COMMANDER : THE SMALLER SPHERE OF THE DOUBLE-PLANET IS TOTALLY AIRLESS. THE LARGER HAS A MODEST NITROGEN/OXYGEN LAYER...
ANY SIGNS OF SENTIENT LIFE?
NONE, BUT--!
PERFECT.
ALL STATIONS... COMMENCE ATMOSPHERE INCURSION.
SIR, IS THIS WISE? OUR STANDING ORDERS--!
SHIPMAN, OUR DUTY IS TO THE SUPREME DIRECTORATE... AND WE CANNOT FULFILL THAT DUTY UNTIL THIS VESSEL IS FULLY SUPPLIED AND SECURE.
THE INFESTATION LEFT OUR NITROGEN STORES DANGEROUSLY DEPLETED.
THIS PLANET AFFORDS US THE OPPORTUNITY BOTH TO REPLACE THOSE STORES...
...AND RID OURSELVES OF THE INFESTATION'S LAST VESTIGES.
SIR! YOU DON'T INTEND TO DUMP THE SPORE-CASE HERE?!
I DO.
ASSUME SKIMMING ALTITUDE...COMMENCE SURFACE ANALYSIS.
BUT, SIR, THE POTENTIAL DAMAGE TO THIS WORLD'S ECO-SYSTEM--!
THIS ISN'T YOUR HOMEWORLD, SHIPMAN--THIS PRIMITIVE LITTLE PLANETOID WASN'T EVEN ON OUR CHARTS!
THERE... THAT BOG LOOKS PROMISING.
OPEN HOLD-4.
BUT--!
THAT'S AN ORDER, SHIPMAN.
YES, SIR.
BREEEEEE

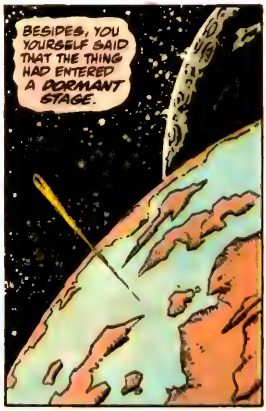
HOLD-4 IS OPEN, SIR.
JETTISON THE SPORE-CASE.
EEE
EEE
CHUNK

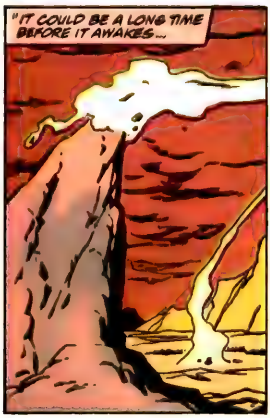

DONE, SIR.
PLOOSH


RE-SEAL HOLD-4 AND PREPARE TO DEPART.
BLOOP
BLOOP
BLOOP

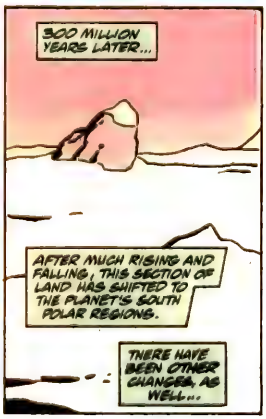

YES, SIR.
ADJUST HOLDS 2 AND 3 TO TAKE ON NITROGEN AS WE ASCEND...

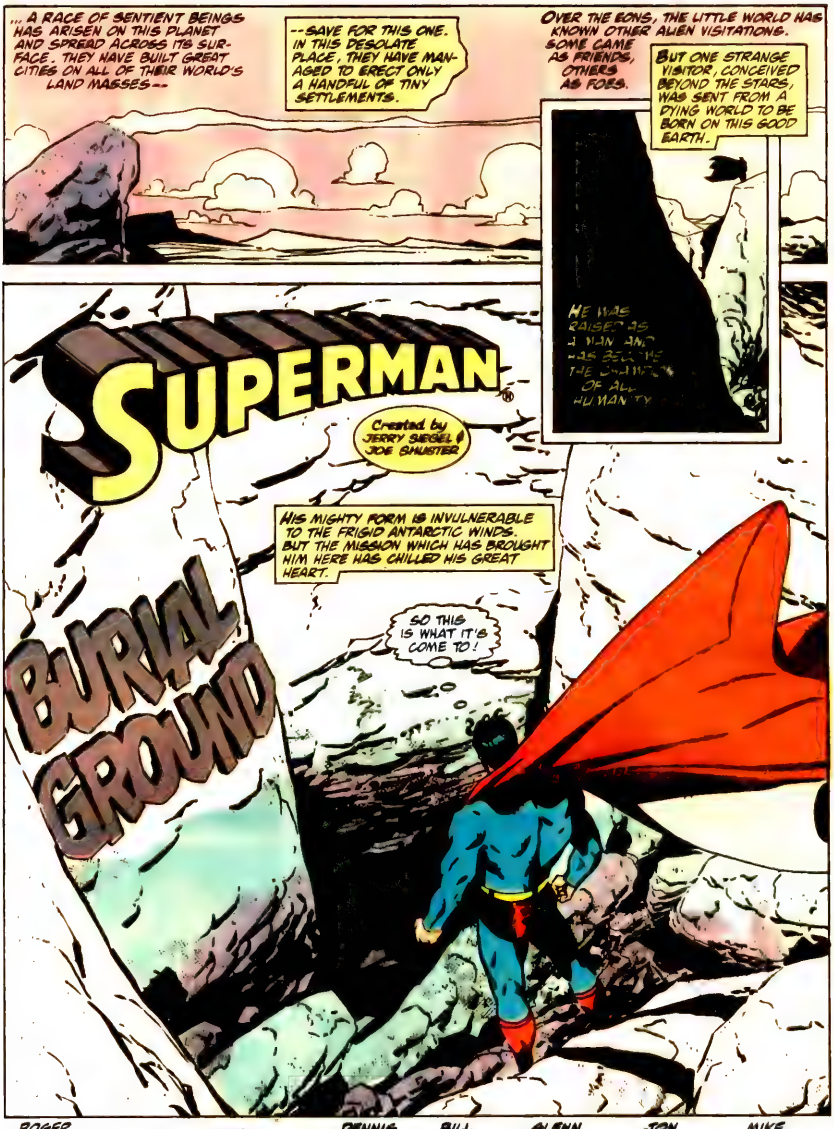
...AND MAKE SURE IT'S THOROUGHLY FILTERED! I WANT NO MORE INFESTATIONS ON THIS MISSION!
AS YOU SAY, SIR.
DON'T BE SO GLUM, SHIPMAN! THERE'S NOTHING FOR THAT VERMIN TO HURT DOWN THERE.


BESIDES, YOU YOURSELF SAID THAT THE THING HAD ENTERED A DORMANT STAGE.


"IT COULD BE A LONG TIME BEFORE IT AWAKES...

"...A VERY LONG TIME."


300 MILLION YEARS LATER...
AFTER MUCH RISING AND FALLING, THIS SECTION OF LAND HAS SHIFTED TO THE PLANET'S SOUTH POLAR REGIONS.
THERE HAVE BEEN OTHER CHANGES, AS WELL...


... A RACE OF SENTIENT BEINGS HAS ARISEN ON THIS PLANET AND SPREAD ACROSS ITS SURFACE. THEY HAVE BUILT GREAT CITIES ON ALL OF THEIR WORLD'S LAND MASSES--
--SAVE FOR THIS ONE. IN THIS DESOLATE PLACE, THEY HAVE MANAGED TO ERECT ONLY A HANDFUL OF TINY SETTLEMENTS.
OVER THE EONS, THE LITTLE WORLD HAS KNOWN OTHER ALIEN VISITATIONS. SOME CAME AS FRIENDS, OTHERS AS FOES.
BUT ONE STRANGE VISITOR, CONCEIVED BEYOND THE STARS, WAS SENT FROM A DYING WORLD TO BE BORN ON THIS GOOD EARTH.
HE WAS RAISED AS A MAN AND HAS BECOME THE CHAMPION OF ALL HUMANITY
SUPERMAN
Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
BURIAL GROUND
HIS MIGHTY FORM IS INVULNERABLE TO THE FRIGID ANTARCTIC WINDS. BUT THE MISSION WHICH HAS BROUGHT HIM HERE HAS CHILLED HIS GREAT HEART.
SO THIS IS WHAT IT'S COME TO!

ROGER STERN SCRIPTER • KEITH GIFFEN GUEST-PLOTTER/PENCILLER • DENNIS JANKE INKER • BILL OAKLEY LETTERER • GLENN WHITMORE COLORIST • JON PETERSON ASSOCIATE • MIKE CARLIN EDITOR

ACTION COMICS 646 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ACTION COMICS, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $9.00, Canada $14.00, all other foreign $21.00. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1989 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives, 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A.
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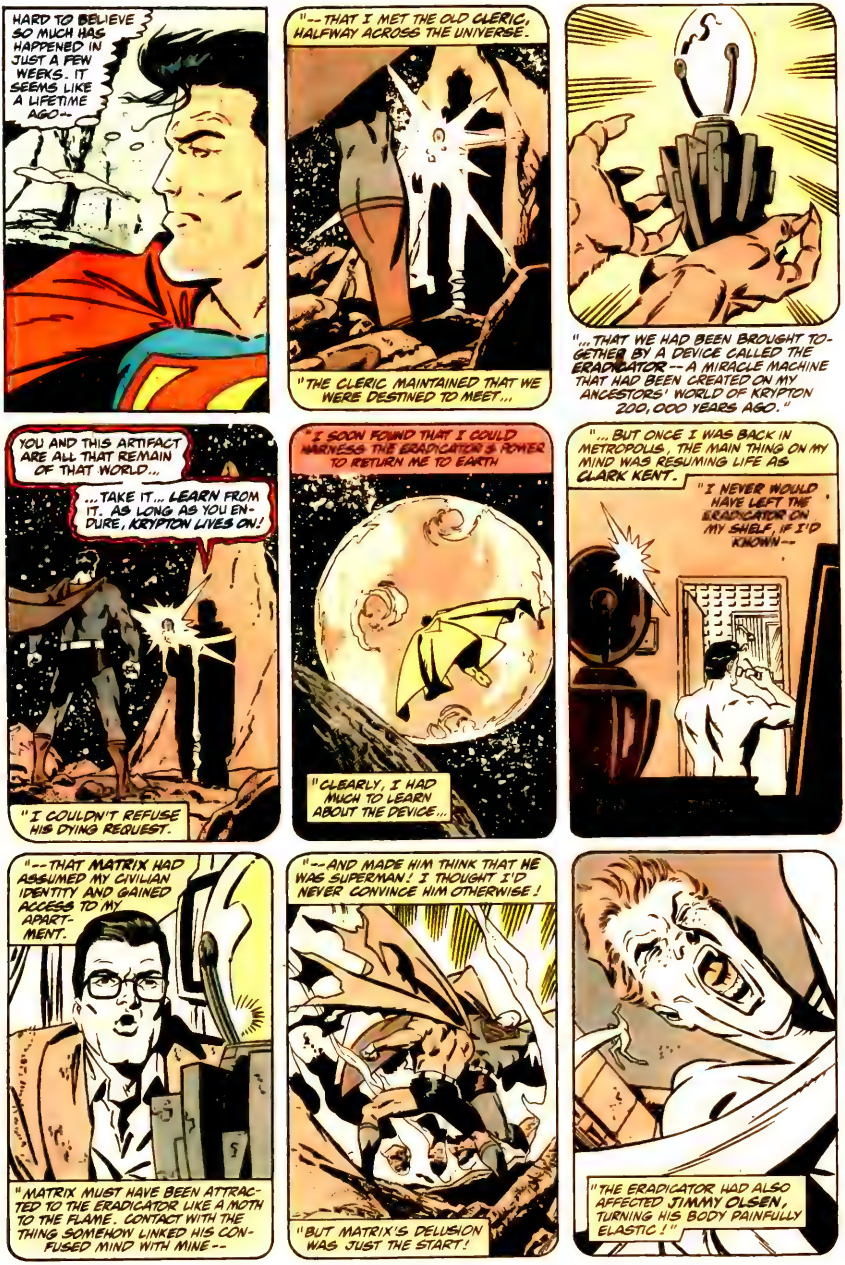
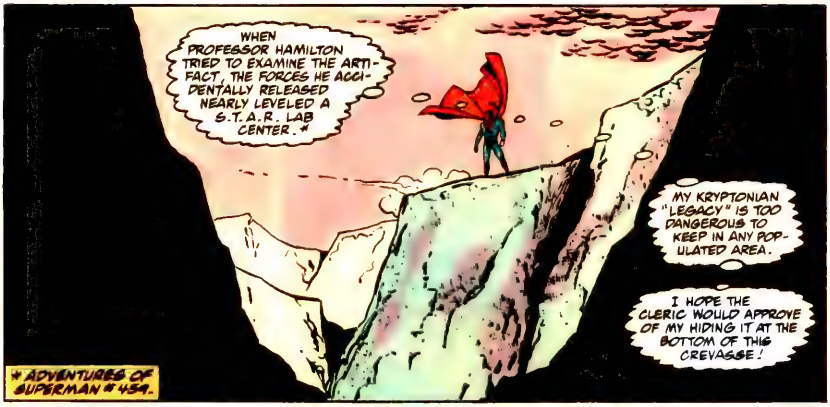

HARD TO BELIEVE SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED IN JUST A FEW WEEKS. IT SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME AGO--
"-- THAT I MET THE OLD CLERIC, HALFWAY ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.
"THE CLERIC MAINTAINED THAT WE WERE DESTINED TO MEET...
"...THAT WE HAD BEEN BROUGHT TOGETHER BY A DEVICE CALLED THE ERADICATOR -- A MIRACLE MACHINE THAT HAD BEEN CREATED ON MY ANCESTORS' WORLD OF KRYPTON 200,000 YEARS AGO."
YOU AND THIS ARTIFACT ARE ALL THAT REMAIN OF THAT WORLD...
...TAKE IT... LEARN FROM IT. AS LONG AS YOU ENDURE, KRYPTON LIVES ON!
"I COULDN'T REFUSE HIS DYING REQUEST.
"I SOON FOUND THAT I COULD HARNESS THE ERADICATOR'S POWER TO RETURN ME TO EARTH
"CLEARLY, I HAD MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT THE DEVICE...
"...BUT ONCE I WAS BACK IN METROPOLIS, THE MAIN THING ON MY MIND WAS RESUMING LIFE AS CLARK KENT.
"I NEVER WOULD HAVE LEFT THE ERADICATOR ON MY SHELF, IF I'D KNOWN--
"--THAT MATRIX HAD ASSUMED MY CIVILIAN IDENTITY AND GAINED ACCESS TO MY APARTMENT.
"MATRIX MUST HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED TO THE ERADICATOR LIKE A MOTH TO THE FLAME. CONTACT WITH THE THING SOMEHOW LINKED HIS CONFUSED MIND WITH MINE--
"--AND MADE HIM THINK THAT HE WAS SUPERMAN! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER CONVINCE HIM OTHERWISE!
"BUT MATRIX'S DELUSION WAS JUST THE START!
"THE ERADICATOR HAD ALSO AFFECTED JIMMY OLSEN, TURNING HIS BODY PAINFULLY ELASTIC!"


WHEN PROFESSOR HAMILTON TRIED TO EXAMINE THE ARTIFACT, THE FORCES HE ACCIDENTALLY RELEASED NEARLY LEVELED A S.T.A.R. LAB CENTER.*
MY KRYPTONIAN "LEGACY" IS TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP IN ANY POPULATED AREA.
I HOPE THE CLERIC WOULD APPROVE OF MY HIDING IT AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS CREVASSE!
* ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #454.

IF WE EVER FIND A SAFE WAY TO MAKE USE OF ITS POWER, THEN I'LL CONSIDER RETRIEVING IT...

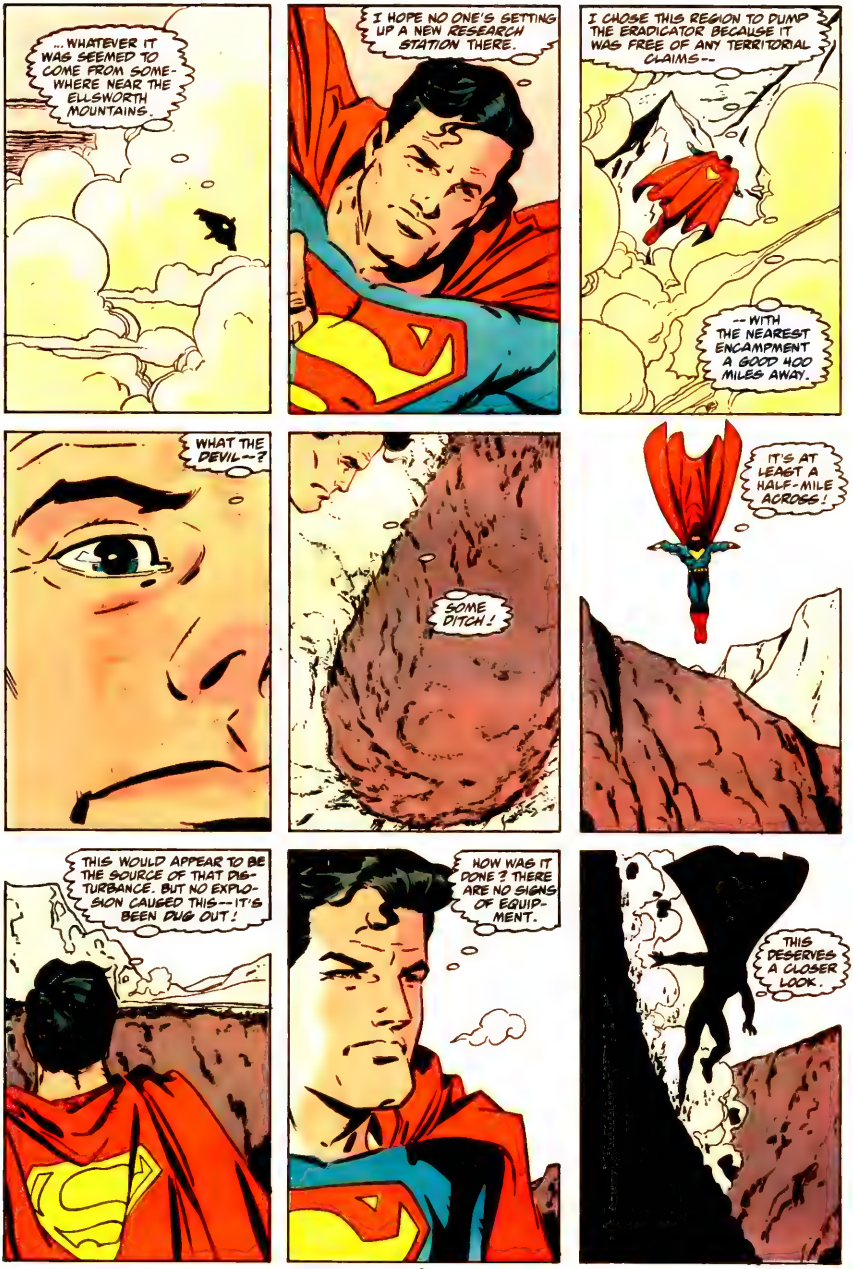
BEFORE I GO, I MUST MAKE CERTAIN...

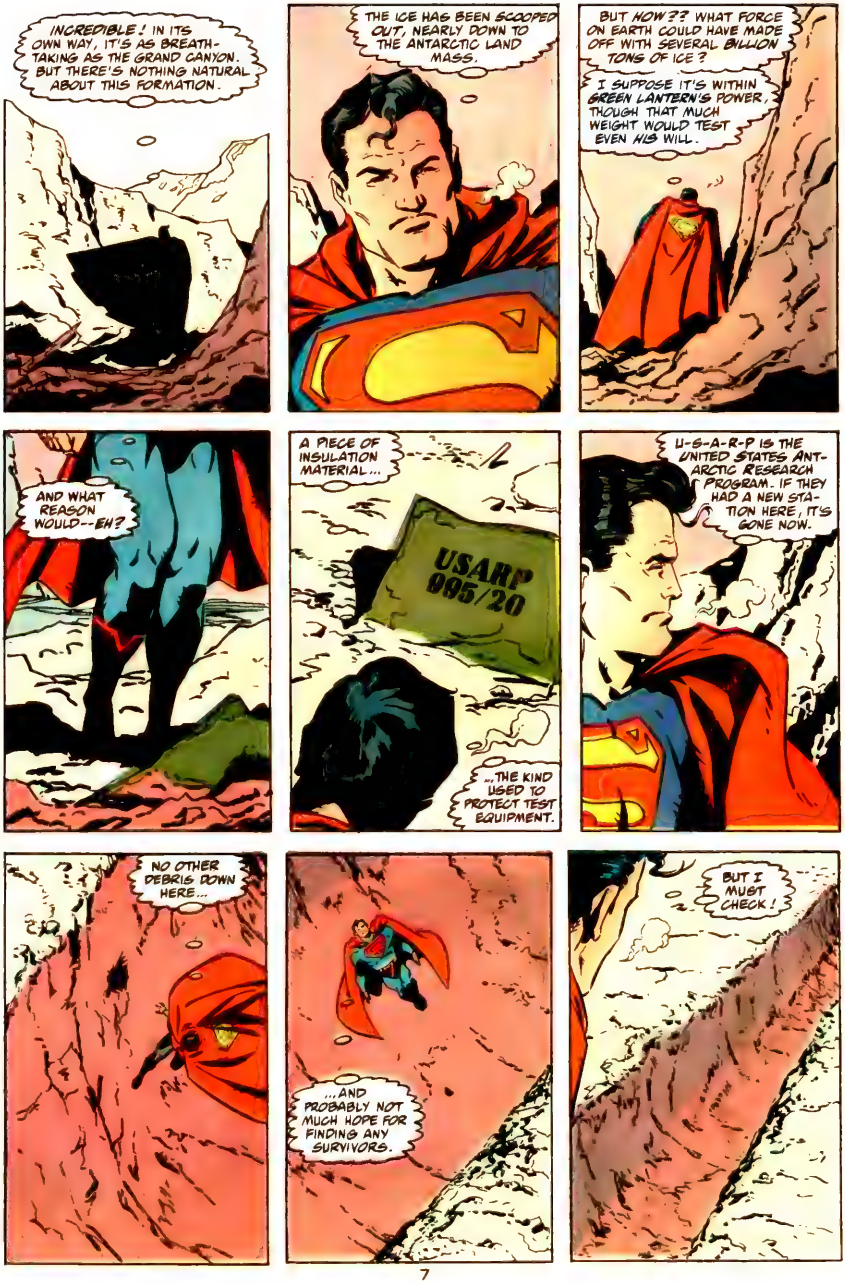
...YES! THE CONTAINMENT SHELL WE RIGGED AROUND THE ERADICATOR IS STILL INTACT. NOTHING FURTHER TO WORRY ABOUT HERE.

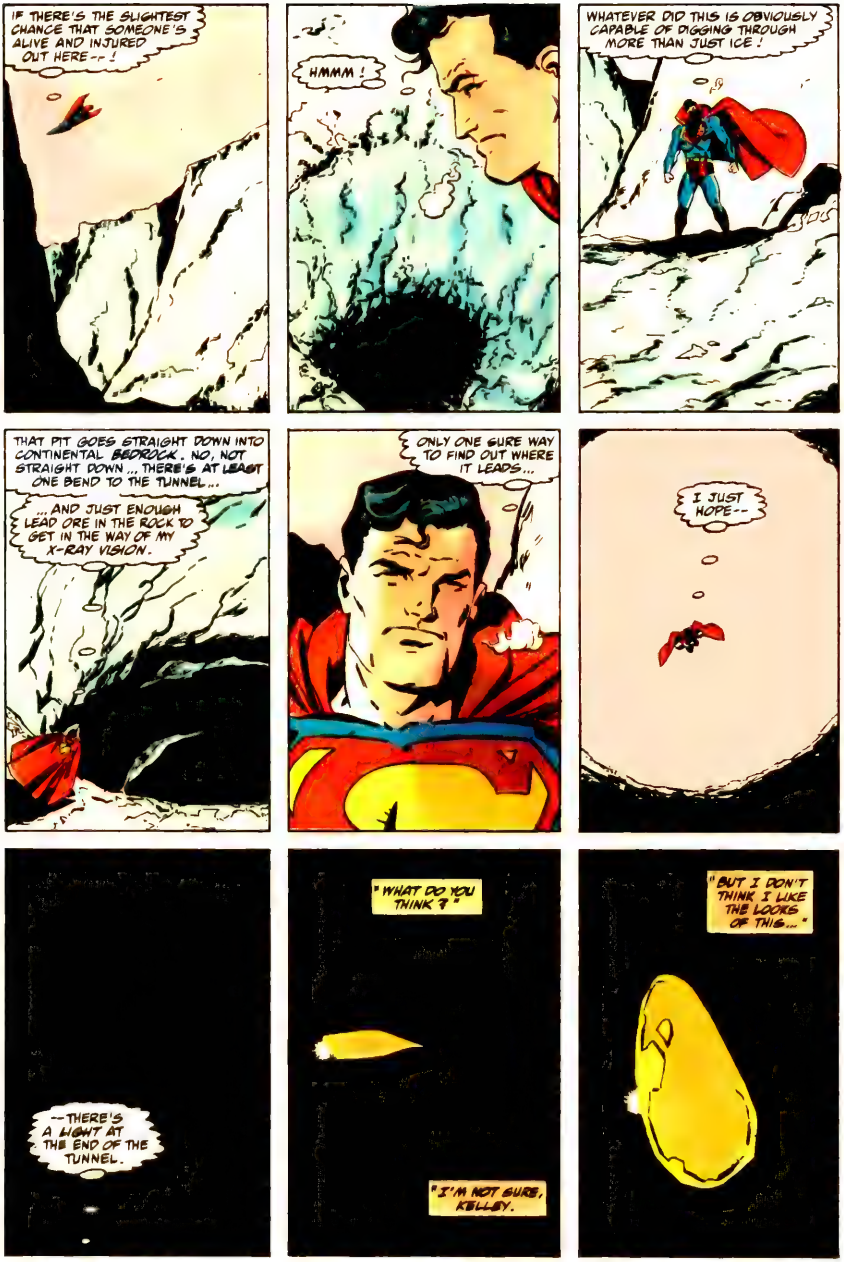
BRRRUMB

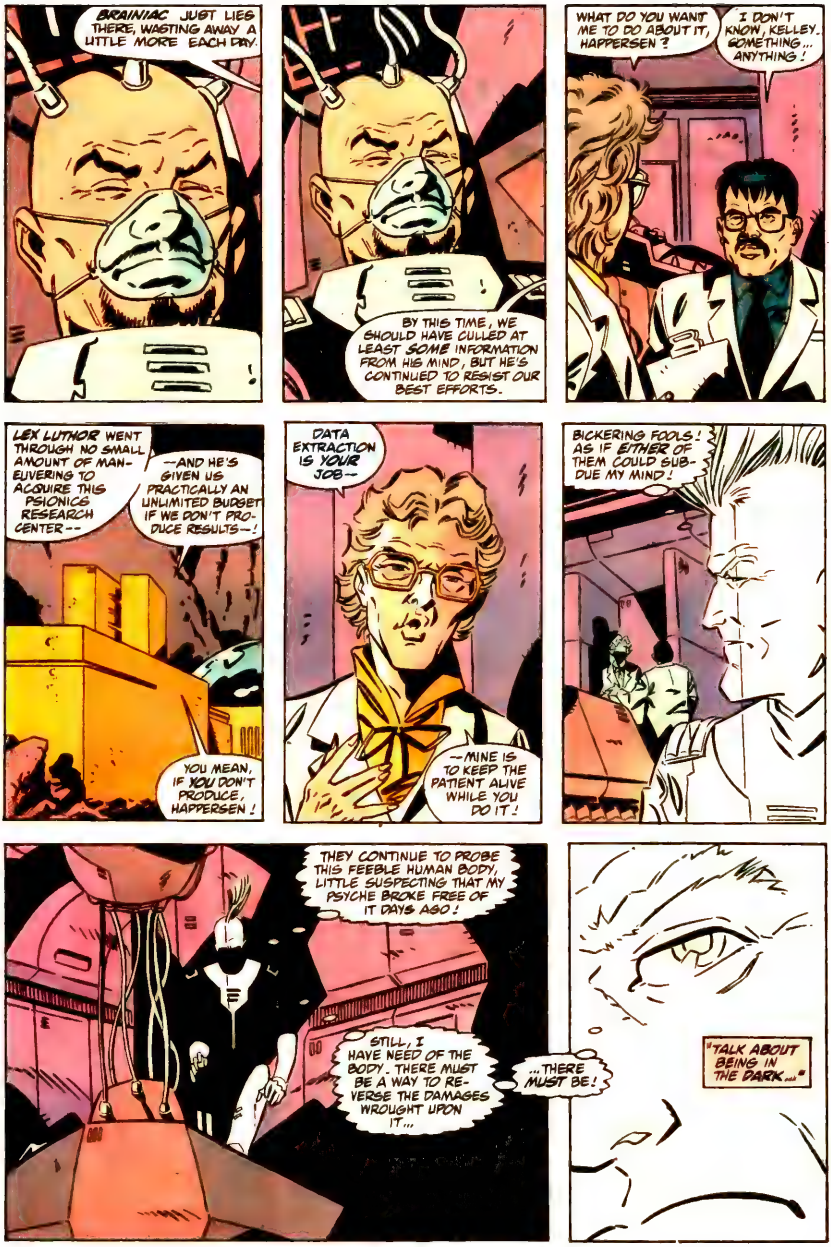
WHAT IN THE--? THAT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE A NORMAL EARTH TREMOR--

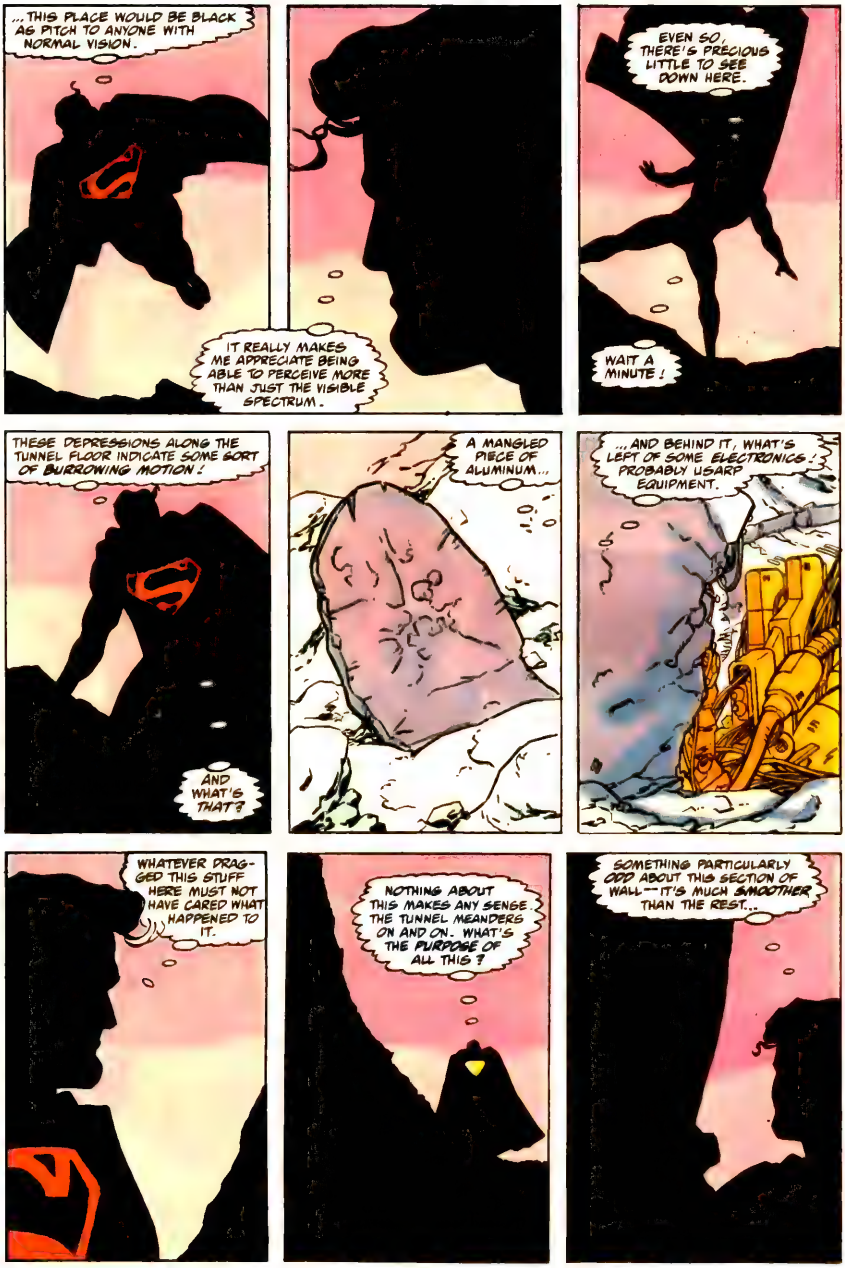
--AND THE NOISE WAS TOO LOUD TO HAVE BEEN MADE BY ANY NATURAL ICE SHIFT. IT WAS MORE LIKE A DISTANT EXPLOSION!
I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE...

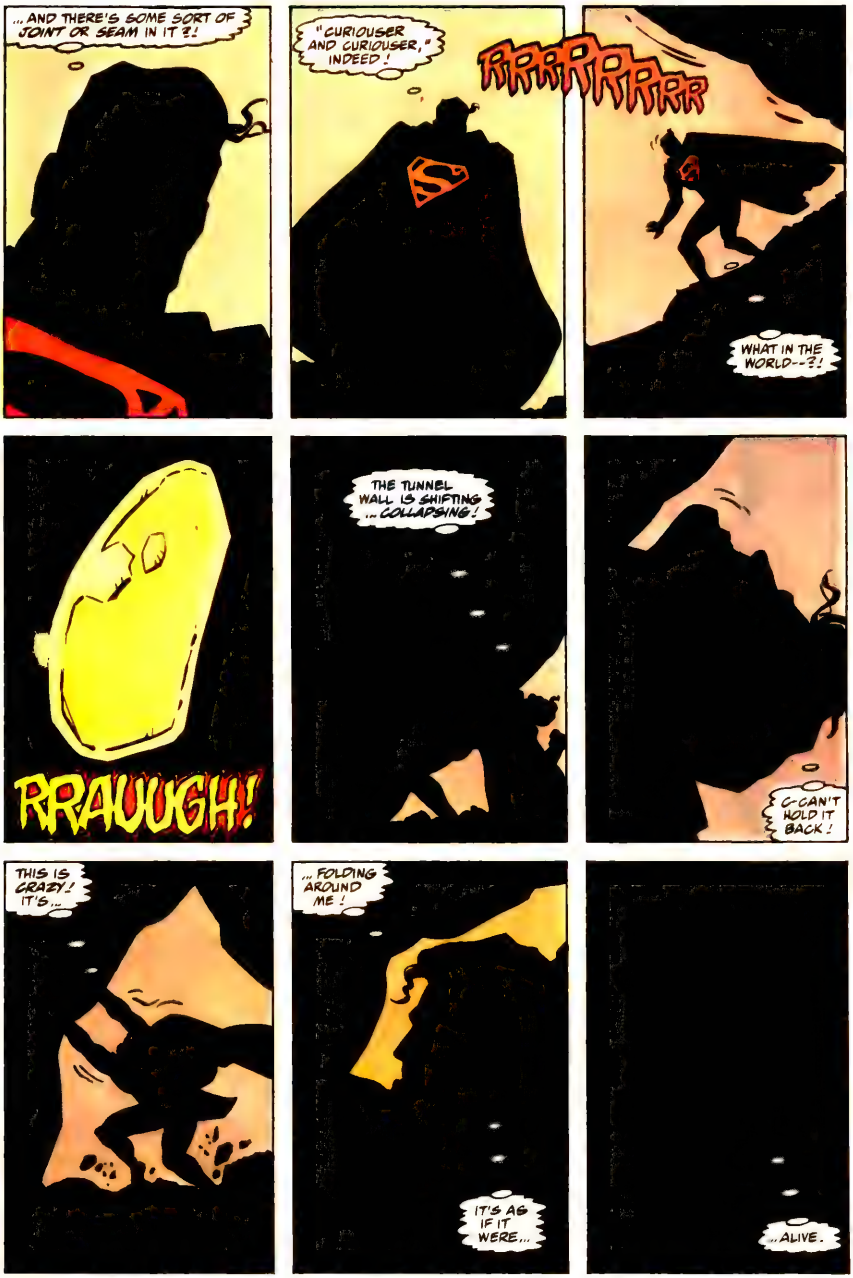

...WHATEVER IT WAS SEEMED TO COME FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR THE ELLSWORTH MOUNTAINS.
I HOPE NO ONE'S SETTING UP A NEW RESEARCH STATION THERE.
I CHOSE THIS REGION TO DUMP THE ERADICATOR BECAUSE IT WAS FREE OF ANY TERRITORIAL CLAIMS--
--WITH THE NEAREST ENCAMPMENT A GOOD 400 MILES AWAY.
WHAT THE DEVIL--?
SOME DITCH!
IT'S AT LEAST A HALF-MILE ACROSS!
THIS WOULD APPEAR TO BE THE SOURCE OF THAT DISTURBANCE. BUT NO EXPLOSION CAUSED THIS--IT'S BEEN DUG OUT!
HOW WAS IT DONE? THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF EQUIPMENT.
THIS DESERVES A CLOSER LOOK.

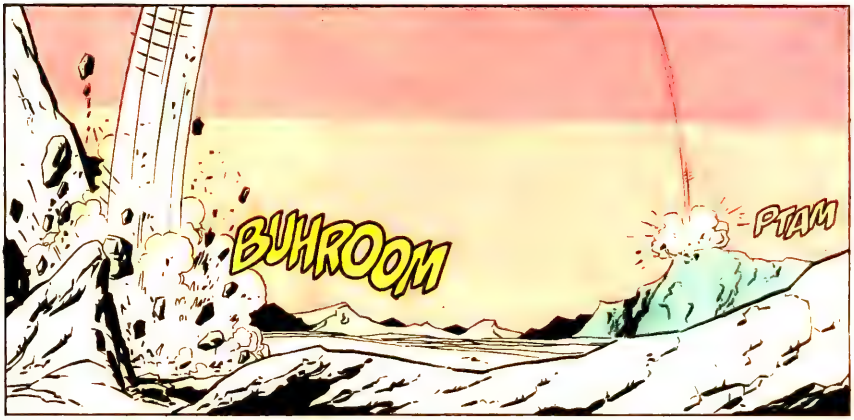

INCREDIBLE! IN ITS OWN WAY, IT'S AS BREATH-TAKING AS THE GRAND CANYON. BUT THERE'S NOTHING NATURAL ABOUT THIS FORMATION.
THE ICE HAS BEEN SCOOPED OUT, NEARLY DOWN TO THE ANTARCTIC LAND MASS.
BUT HOW?? WHAT FORCE ON EARTH COULD HAVE MADE OFF WITH SEVERAL BILLION TONS OF ICE?
I SUPPOSE IT'S WITHIN GREEN LANTERN'S POWER, THOUGH THAT MUCH WEIGHT WOULD TEST EVEN HIS WILL.
AND WHAT REASON WOULD--EH?
A PIECE OF INSULATION MATERIAL...
USARP 095/20
...THE KIND USED TO PROTECT TEST EQUIPMENT.
U-S-A-R-P IS THE UNITED STATES ANT-ARCTIC RESEARCH PROGRAM. IF THEY HAD A NEW STA-TION HERE, IT'S GONE NOW.
NO OTHER DEBRIS DOWN HERE...
...AND PROBABLY NOT MUCH HOPE FOR FINDING ANY SURVIVORS.
BUT I MUST CHECK!


IF THERE'S THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE THAT SOMEONE'S ALIVE AND INJURED OUT HERE--!
HMMM!
WHATEVER DID THIS IS OBVIOUSLY CAPABLE OF DIGGING THROUGH MORE THAN JUST ICE!
THAT PIT GOES STRAIGHT DOWN INTO CONTINENTAL BEDROCK. NO, NOT STRAIGHT DOWN... THERE'S AT LEAST ONE BEND TO THE TUNNEL...
...AND JUST ENOUGH LEAD ORE IN THE ROCK TO GET IN THE WAY OF MY X-RAY VISION.
ONLY ONE SURE WAY TO FIND OUT WHERE IT LEADS...
I JUST HOPE--
--THERE'S A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.
"WHAT DO YOU THINK?"
"I'M NOT SURE, KELLEY.
"BUT I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS..."

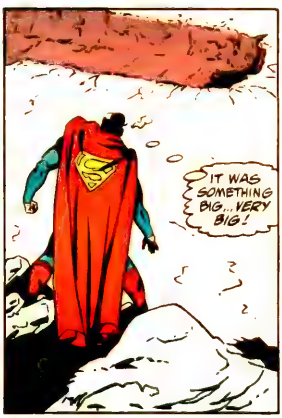

BRAINIAC JUST LIES THERE, WASTING AWAY A LITTLE MORE EACH DAY.
BY THIS TIME, WE SHOULD HAVE CULLED AT LEAST SOME INFORMATION FROM HIS MIND, BUT HE'S CONTINUED TO RESIST OUR BEST EFFORTS.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT IT, HAPPERSEN?
I DON'T KNOW, KELLEY. SOMETHING... ANYTHING!
LEX LUTHOR WENT THROUGH NO SMALL AMOUNT OF MANEUVERING TO ACQUIRE THIS PSIONICS RESEARCH CENTER--
--AND HE'S GIVEN US PRACTICALLY AN UNLIMITED BUDGET IF WE DON'T PRODUCE RESULTS--!
YOU MEAN, IF YOU DON'T PRODUCE, HAPPERSEN!
DATA EXTRACTION IS YOUR JOB--
--MINE IS TO KEEP THE PATIENT ALIVE WHILE YOU DO IT!
BICKERING FOOLS! AS IF EITHER OF THEM COULD SUBDUE MY MIND!
THEY CONTINUE TO PROBE THIS FEEBLE HUMAN BODY, LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT MY PSYCHE BROKE FREE OF IT DAYS AGO!
STILL, I HAVE NEED OF THE BODY. THERE MUST BE A WAY TO REVERSE THE DAMAGES WROUGHT UPON IT...
...THERE MUST BE!
"TALK ABOUT BEING IN THE DARK..."


...THIS PLACE WOULD BE BLACK AS PITCH TO ANYONE WITH NORMAL VISION.
IT REALLY MAKES ME APPRECIATE BEING ABLE TO PERCEIVE MORE THAN JUST THE VISIBLE SPECTRUM.
EVEN SO, THERE'S PRECIOUS LITTLE TO SEE DOWN HERE.
WAIT A MINUTE!
THESE DEPRESSIONS ALONG THE TUNNEL FLOOR INDICATE SOME SORT OF BURROWING MOTION!
AND WHAT'S THAT?
A MANGLED PIECE OF ALUMINUM...
...AND BEHIND IT, WHAT'S LEFT OF SOME ELECTRONICS! PROBABLY USARP EQUIPMENT.
WHATEVER DRAGGED THIS STUFF HERE MUST NOT HAVE CARED WHAT HAPPENED TO IT.
NOTHING ABOUT THIS MAKES ANY SENSE. THE TUNNEL MEANDERS ON AND ON. WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF ALL THIS?
SOMETHING PARTICULARLY ODD ABOUT THIS SECTION OF WALL -- IT'S MUCH SMOOTHER THAN THE REST...


... AND THERE'S SOME SORT OF JOINT OR SEAM IN IT?!
"CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER," INDEED!
RRRRRRRRRR
WHAT IN THE WORLD--?!
RRAUUGH!
THE TUNNEL WALL IS SHIFTING ... COLLAPSING!
C-CAN'T HOLD IT BACK!
THIS IS CRAZY! IT'S...
... FOLDING AROUND ME!
IT'S AS IF IT WERE...
... ALIVE.


BUHROOM
PTAM

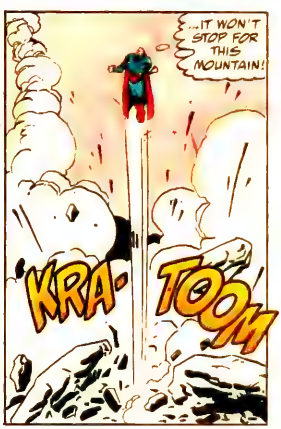
WHAT HIT ME ?


IT WAS SOMETHING BIG... VERY BIG !

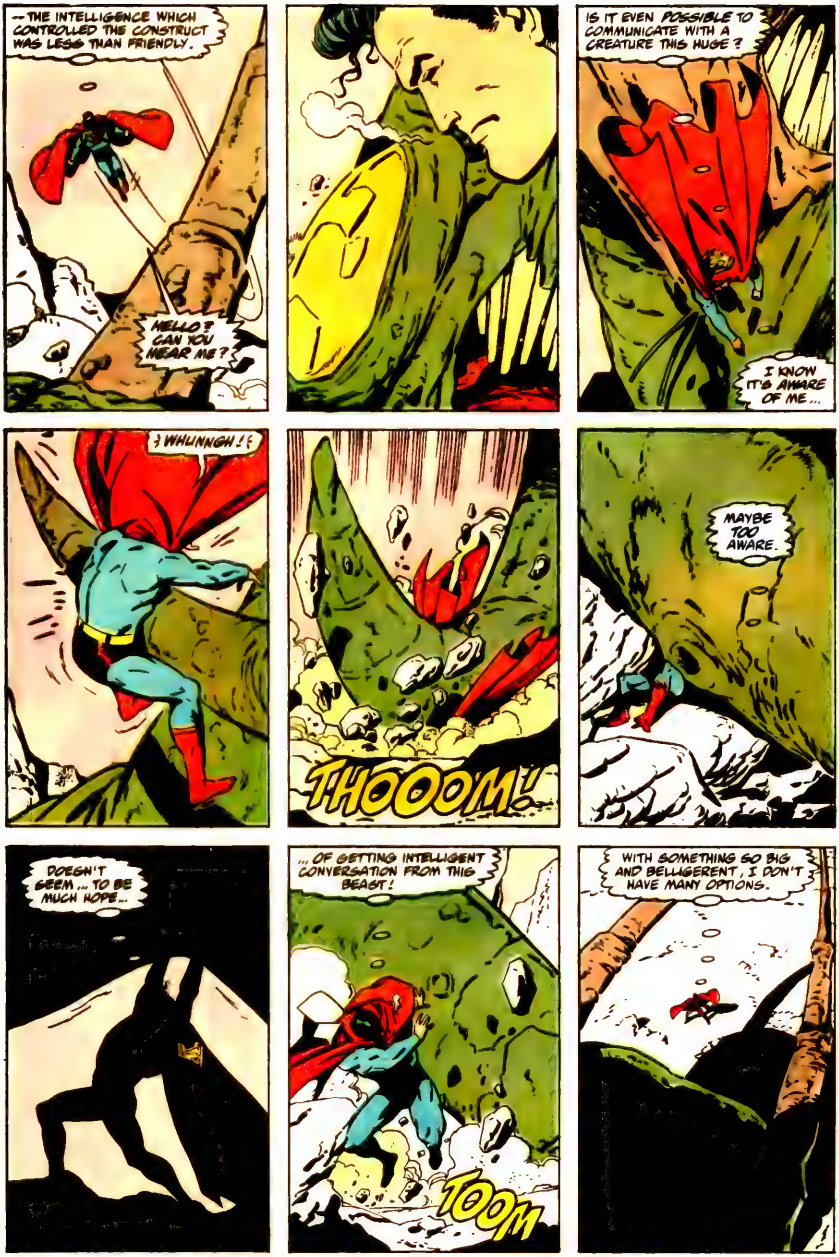
WHAT IS DOWN THERE ? SOME SORT OF MONSTROUS...

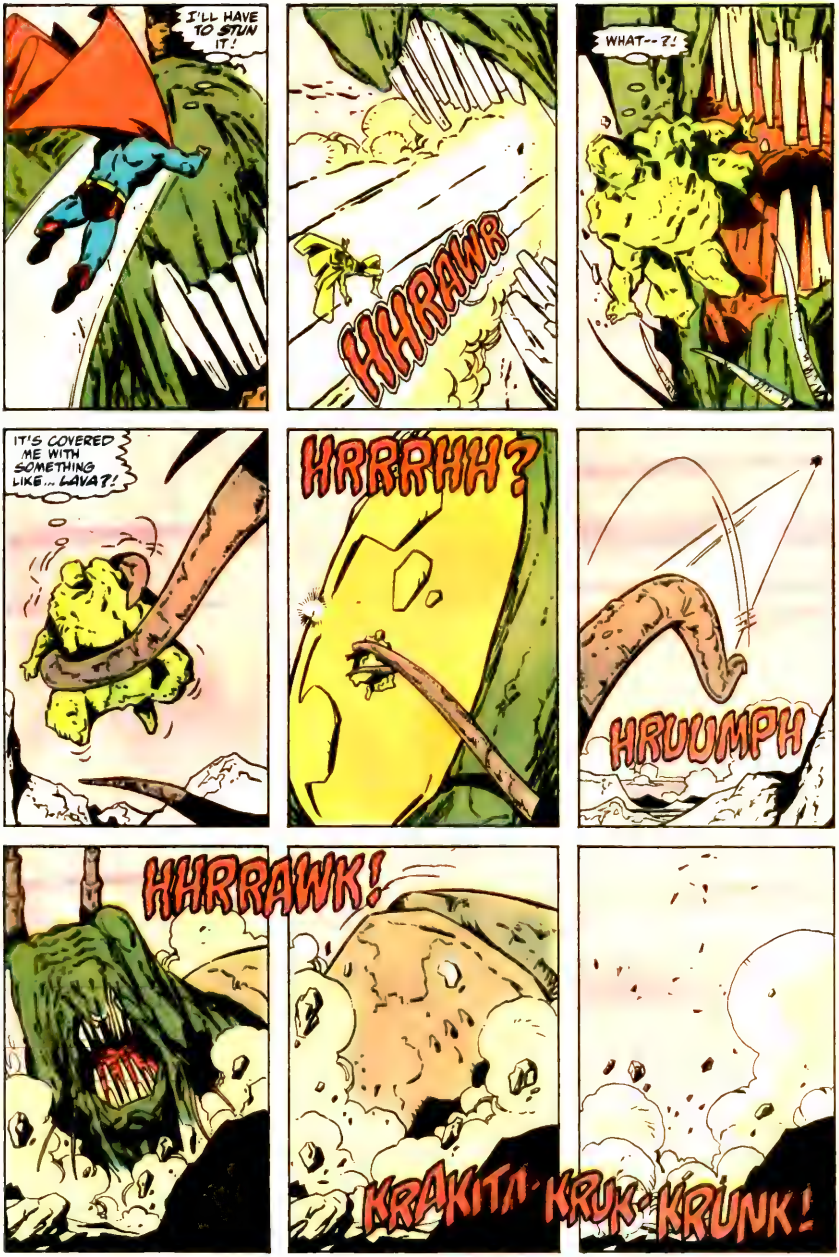
...MOLE ?

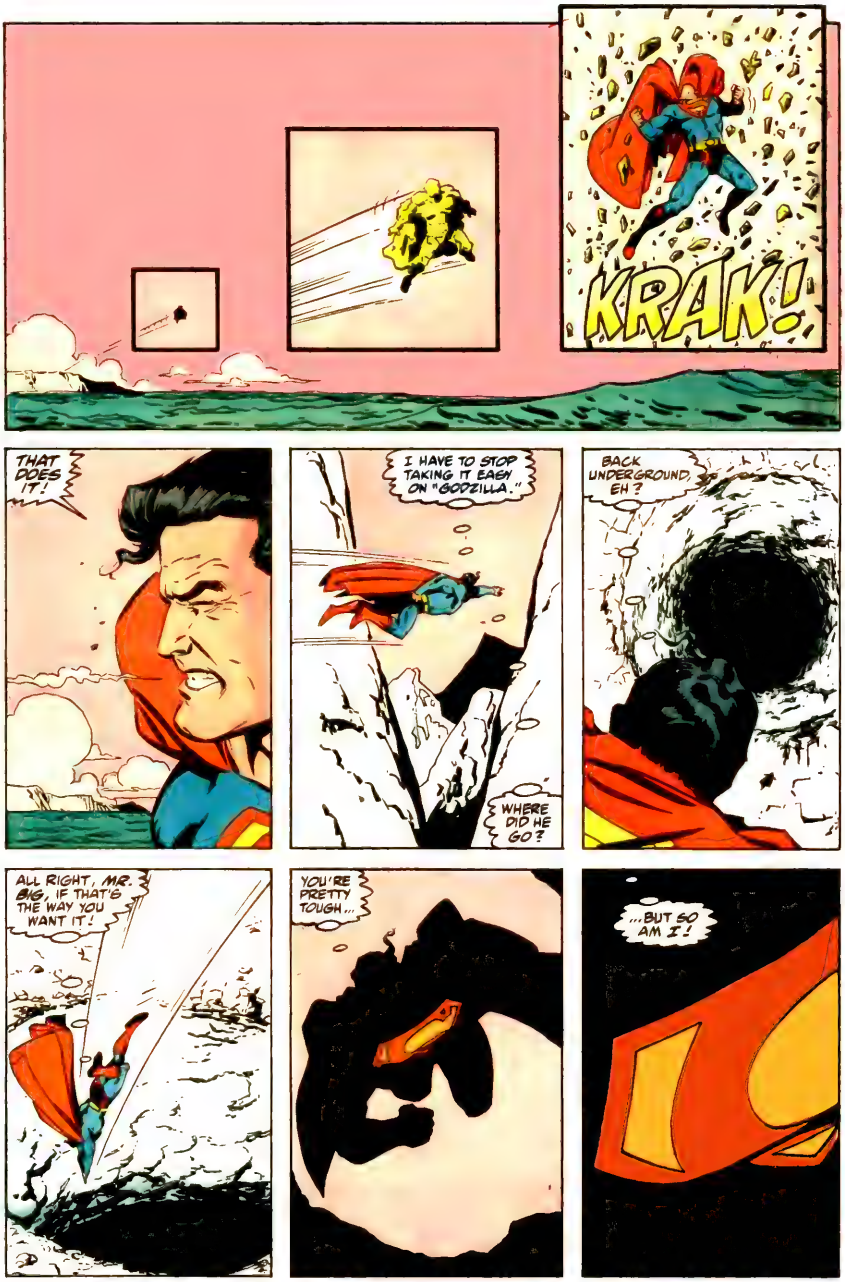
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S APPARENTLY TRACKING ME ! AND AT THE RATE IT'S TRAVELING...

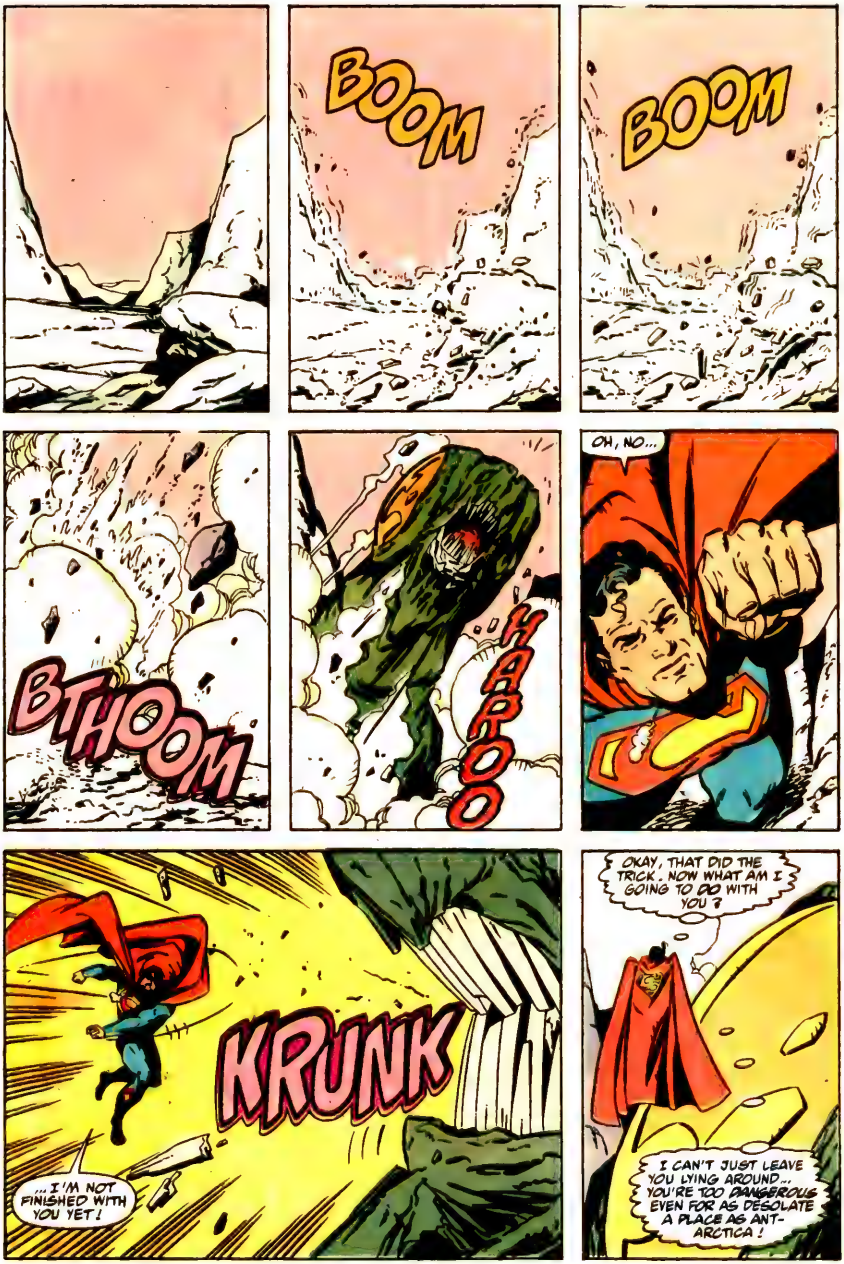

...IT WON'T STOP FOR THIS MOUNTAIN !
KRA-
TOOM

HKURRAWK
GOOD LORD!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO... IMMENSE! HOW CAN A CREATURE THIS SIZE EVEN EXIST, LET ALONE MOVE? UNLESS...
...THIS WAS CAUSED BY THE ERADICATOR?
NO, THAT'S INSANE, THE ERADICATOR COULDN'T POSSIBLY ALTER ANY NATIVE LIFE-FORM SO RADICALLY... NOT IN SO SHORT A TIME!
I STOPPED AN ALIEN CONSTRUCT NEAR HERE SOME YEARS AGO!* I HOPE THERE'S NO CONNECTION--
* IN SECRET ORIGINS # 32.


-- THE INTELLIGENCE WHICH CONTROLLED THE CONSTRUCT WAS LESS THAN FRIENDLY.
HELLO? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
IS IT EVEN POSSIBLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH A CREATURE THIS HUGE?
I KNOW IT'S AWARE OF ME...
}WHUNNGH!{
THOOOM!
MAYBE TOO AWARE.
DOESN'T SEEM... TO BE MUCH HOPE..
... OF GETTING INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION FROM THIS BEAST!
TOOM
WITH SOMETHING SO BIG AND BELLIGERENT, I DON'T HAVE MANY OPTIONS.

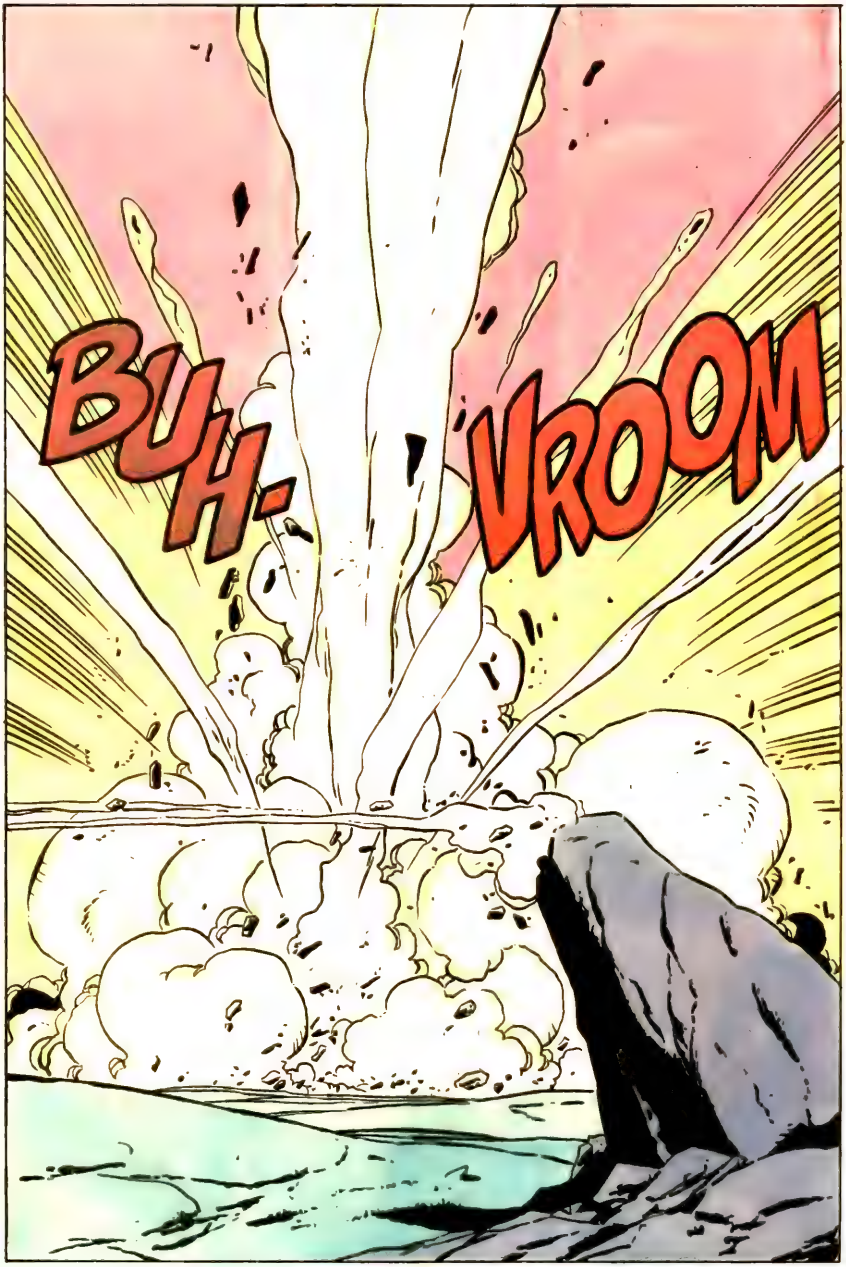

I'LL HAVE TO STUN IT!
KHRAWR
WHAT--?!
IT'S COVERED ME WITH SOMETHING LIKE... LAVA?!
HRRRHH?
HRUUMPH
KHRRAWK!
KRAKITA-KRUK-KRUNK!

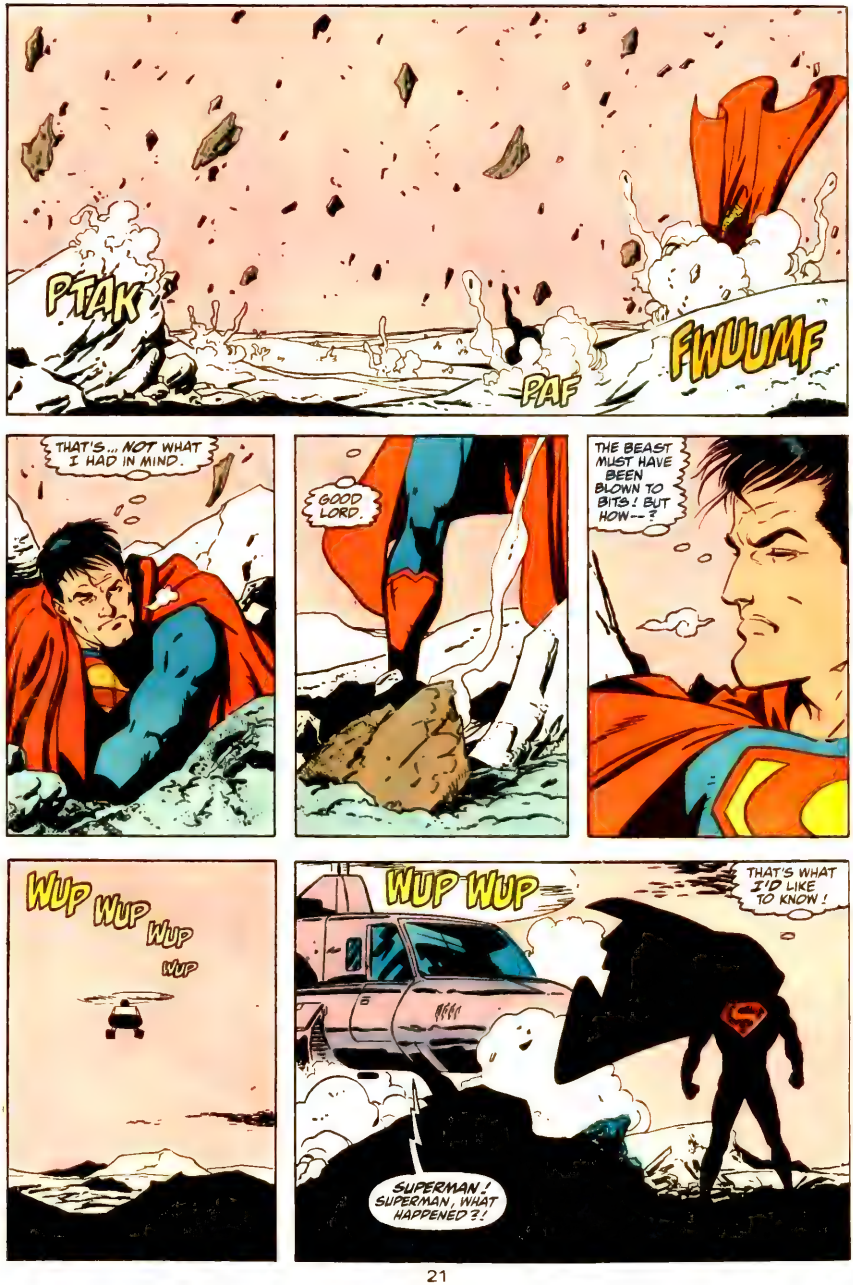

KRAK!
THAT DOES IT!
I HAVE TO STOP TAKING IT EASY ON "GODZILLA."
WHERE DID HE GO?
BACK UNDERGROUND, EH?
ALL RIGHT, MR. BIG, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!
YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH...
...BUT SO AM I!

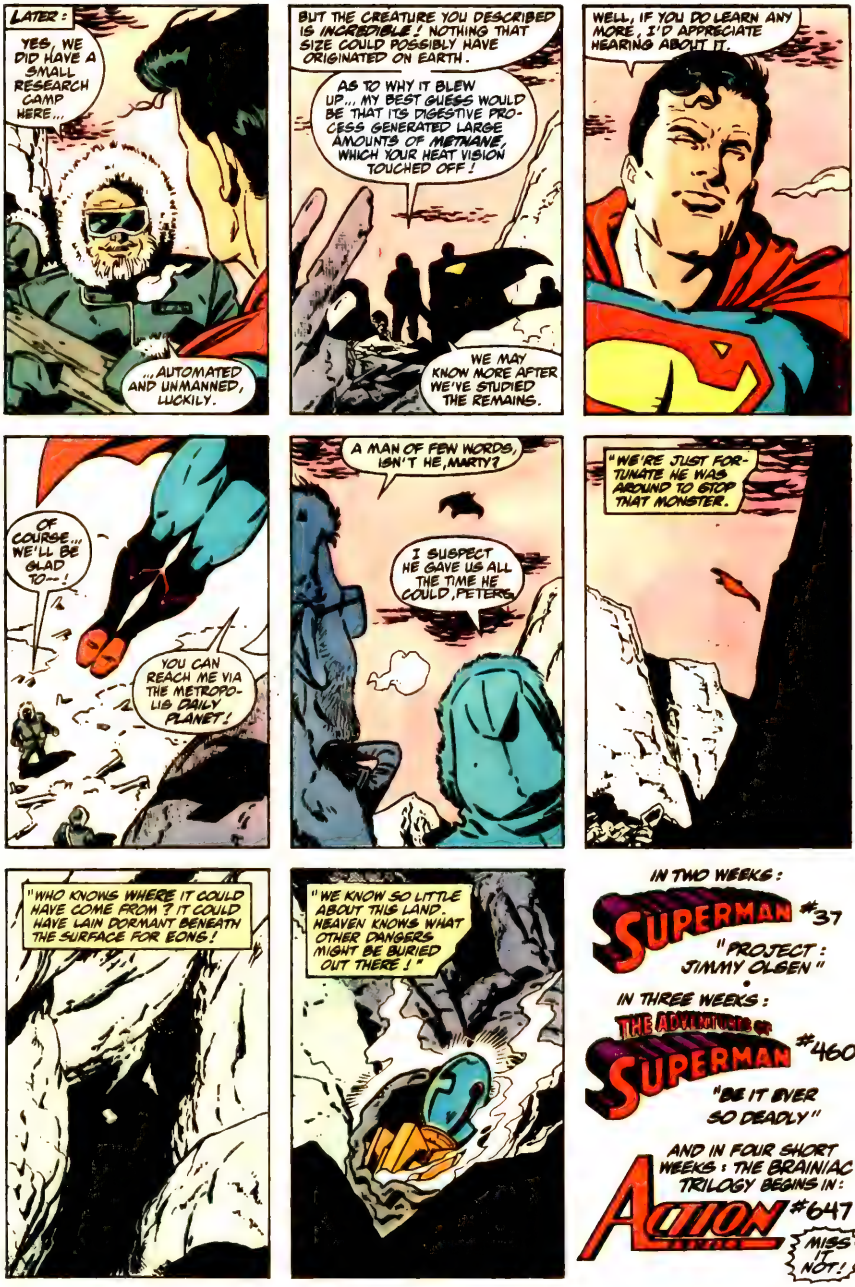

BOOM
BOOM
BTHOOM
KAPOO
OH, NO...
KRUNK
...I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET!
OKAY, THAT DID THE TRICK. NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?
I CAN'T JUST LEAVE YOU LYING AROUND... YOU'RE TOO DANGEROUS EVEN FOR AS DESOLATE A PLACE AS ANT-ARCTICA!

PERHAPS MY FRIEND THE ATOM COULD SHRINK YOU DOWN TO A MORE MANAGEABLE SIZE...
WHA--? HEY!
NOW I KNOW HOW JONAH FELT!
I DON'T, HOWEVER, FEEL LIKE SPENDING THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THIS THING'S BELLY, SO...
EH? IT MUST'VE PULLED THIS FEEDING TUBE BACK INTO AN INNER CAVITY.
AND THOSE MUST BE ITS--
--DIGESTIVE FLUIDS!
FOUL STUFF!
OF COURSE, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE--
--TO BREAK DOWN ALL THE ROCK THIS THING HAS SWALLOWED!

I CAN DO WITHOUT BEING SWEPT ALONG INTO THE STOMACH.
FEELS LIKE THERE'S A WEAKNESS IN THE INNER WALL RIGHT ABOUT--
--HERE!
GLAD TO GET OUT OF THAT, BUT WHERE AM I NOW?
THIS BEAST IS SUCH AN ANOMALY... THE GIANT BEING I TELEPORTED INTO DURING MY SPACE JAUNT MADE MORE SENSE THAN THIS!*
*ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #451.
THIS THING BEARS SOME SIMILARITIES TO EARTH FAUNA... BUT ITS MOLECULAR STRUCTURE MUST BE RADICALLY DIFFERENT--
--JUST FOR ITS BODY TO SUPPORT ITSELF IN EARTH'S GRAVITY.
IT'S STRANGELY COLD IN HERE. LET'S SEE IF I CAN INDUCE A LITTLE HEARTBURN...
...WITH A SMALL APPLICATION OF HEAT VISION!
HURRRAW!
RRRAUK
RRRAAAUU


BUH-
VROOM


PTAK
PAF
FWUUMF
THAT'S... NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND.
GOOD LORD.
THE BEAST MUST HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS! BUT HOW--?
WUP WUP WUP WUP
WUP WUP
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
SUPERMAN! SUPERMAN, WHAT HAPPENED?!


LATER:
YES, WE DID HAVE A SMALL RESEARCH CAMP HERE...
...AUTOMATED AND UNMANNED, LUCKILY.
BUT THE CREATURE YOU DESCRIBED IS INCREDIBLE! NOTHING THAT SIZE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE ORIGINATED ON EARTH.
AS TO WHY IT BLEW UP... MY BEST GUESS WOULD BE THAT ITS DIGESTIVE PROCESS GENERATED LARGE AMOUNTS OF METHANE, WHICH YOUR HEAT VISION TOUCHED OFF!
WE MAY KNOW MORE AFTER WE'VE STUDIED THE REMAINS.
WELL, IF YOU DO LEARN ANY MORE, I'D APPRECIATE HEARING ABOUT IT.
OF COURSE... WE'LL BE GLAD TO--!
YOU CAN REACH ME VIA THE METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET!
A MAN OF FEW WORDS, ISN'T HE, MARTY?
I SUSPECT HE GAVE US ALL THE TIME HE COULD, PETERS.
"WE'RE JUST FORTUNATE HE WAS AROUND TO STOP THAT MONSTER.
"WHO KNOWS WHERE IT COULD HAVE COME FROM? IT COULD HAVE LAIN DORMANT BENEATH THE SURFACE FOR EONS!
"WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT THIS LAND. HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT OTHER DANGERS MIGHT BE BURIED OUT THERE!"

IN TWO WEEKS:
SUPERMAN #37
"PROJECT: JIMMY OLSEN"
IN THREE WEEKS:
THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #460
"BE IT EVER SO DEADLY"
AND IN FOUR SHORT WEEKS: THE BRAINIAC TRILOGY BEGINS IN:
ACTION #647
MISS IT NOT!

:SIGH: STAR LABS IS BECOMING A *SECOND* HOME FOR ME!

WELL, I GUESS IT'S BETTER THAN JOINING THE CIRCUS AS THE *FREAK-BOY*, CONSIDERING MY RECENT BOUTS WITH *ELASTICITY!* *

AS A KID GROWING UP IN BAKERLINE, I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT'D BE *COOL* TO HAVE SPECIAL ABILITIES-- BE A *SUPER-HERO!*

ERIC'S PIZZA

* IN ADVENTURES #'S 458, 459.

I JUST HOPE *JIMMY OLSEN, ELASTIC LAD* NEVER REAPPEARS!

NO ONE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND HOW *PAINFUL* IT IS TO *ME!*

EVEN MY "PAL" SUPERMAN *CAN'T* RELATE TO *MY* PAIN--HE'S *INVULNERABLE!*

TIMES LIKE THESE, I *REALLY* MISS MY *MOM!* EVERY TIME I SCRAPED MY KNEE, OR GOT A BRUISE, SHE WAS THERE FOR ME...

THESE PAST MONTHS SHE'S BEEN OFF *WHO KNOWS WHERE* LOOKING FOR DAD-- NOT EVEN AWARE OF *ALL* THAT'S BEEN GOING ON WITH *ME...*

JIMMY, I'VE COME FOR YOU...

SUPERMAN 37 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SUPERMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $9.00, Canada $14.00, all other foreign $21.00. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1989 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives, 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A.
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BEST FRIENDS

SUPERMAN®

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

IT'S TIME.

N-NO!

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writer/penciller

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assoc. editor

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I'M ONLY HERE TO *HELP*, JIM.

JIM?

I HEARD YOU.

CAN'T I BE JUST A *LITTLE* AFRAID, CONSIDERING *ALL* THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?

I KNOW THIS IS FRIGHTENING-- *THAT'S* WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO COME WITH ME...

...FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

I THOUGHT YOU AND PROFESSOR HAMILTON HAD ALREADY FIGURED THAT THE ERADICATOR TRIGGERED MY "*RUBBER-BAND-MAN*" ROUTINE.*

YOU *PROMISED* TO DISPOSE OF IT-- I *WATCHED* YOU ENCASE IT IN A STEEL-BALL...

*In *Adventures* #459.

YOU *DID* GET RID OF IT, DIDN'T YOU?

OF *COURSE* I DID.

THIS IS NOT LIKE JIMMY...

I CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR BEING BITTER-- HE'S BEEN COOPED UP *HERE*, WHILE I WAS OFF BURYING THE ERADICATOR...

...AND BATTLING AN ALIEN BEHEMOTH WHO ATTACKED THAT RESEARCH OUTPOST IN THE *ANTARCTIC*.*

*In *Action Comics* #646.

JIM, I'M SORRY FOR WHAT YOU'VE GONE THROUGH. I *REALLY* AM.

THE FACT REMAINS THAT EVEN WITH THE ARTIFACT--THE TRIGGER --GONE, THE *GENETIC* DAMAGE IS *STILL* PRESENT.

STAR BAKERLINE

GENETIC DAMAGE? I'VE FELT FINE THESE PAST FEW DAYS!

I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF YOUR SCIENTIST BUDDIES RUNNING EXPERIMENTS ON "THE FREAK-BOY"!

I'VE BEEN JABBED, POKED, AND PRODDED ENOUGH TO LAST ME A LIFETIME!

I'M OKAY. PERIOD.

AS YOUR PAL, I'M BEGGING YOU-- LET ME JUST GO HOME.

IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE MY FRIEND THAT THIS HAS TO BE RESOLVED.

AT THE RISK OF OUR FRIENDSHIP?

FINE! MORE JIMMY-PIG EXPERIMENTS!

ANOTHER RIDE IN THE SUPER-CAPE?

JIMMY, PLEASE.

JUST PEACHY! GUESS YOU KNOW BEST -- SINCE YOU GOT ME INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE!

BELIEVE ME, THE PEOPLE I'M TAKING YOU TO ARE THE BEST.

PROJECT CADMUS SPECIALIZES IN GENETIC RESEARCH!

HERE YA GO! I'M ALL BUNDLED UP SO I DON'T SPILL ALL OVER THE CITY, 'CASE I GO ELASTIC AGAIN.

THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE THINKING, RIGHT?

WELL...

...ACTUALLY, NO. CADMUS'S LOCATION IS TOP SECRET.

TRUST ME. NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU.

KINDA LATE FOR THAT.

"WHAT A LOVELY DINNER, JOSE. YOU'VE OUTDONE YOURSELF!"

WELL, WE HAVE ROCCO'S PIZZA TO THANK -- THEY OUTDID ME, LOIS!

IT SURE IS A NICE CHANGE FROM EATING HOSPITAL FOOD.

"YOU'VE TRIED THE REST, AND ROCCO'S IS THE BEST," RIGHT?

CLOSE ENOUGH!

I KNOW YOU HATE HEARING THIS, LOIS, BUT I THINK YOU'RE THE BEST!

ROCCO'S PIZZARIA

THERE YOU GO AGAIN -- PLEASE DON'T.

I-I'M SORRY -- I DIDN'T MEAN...

JOSE, DON'T APOLOGIZE. YOU CAN'T HELP THE WAY YOU FEEL!

I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT...

OHHH NO. NOT "THE FACE."

IT'S HIM AGAIN, ISN'T IT -- SUPERMAN?

THE BIG RED "S" IS BACK, SO DELGADO IS OUT OF THE RUNNING!

I -- LIKE YOU VERY MUCH, JOSE...

...BUT YOU LOVE HIM! BELIEVE ME, I'VE SEEN THIS COMING!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN YOUR FEELINGS TO ME...

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE--YOU *LOVE* HIM. A GUY LIKE *ME* CAN'T BEGIN TO COMPETE WITH THE "*ULTIMATE MAN.*"

I DON'T *LIKE* IT, BUT I *DO* UNDERSTAND.

I ALSO KNOW THAT YOU CARE FOR ME ENOUGH TO *NOT* WANT TO *HURT* ME, SO I'LL MAKE IT *EASY*...

I'M BACKING OFF AS OF *RIGHT NOW*. GRANDMA DIDN'T RAISE NO *FOOL*.

I *CAN'T*--*WON'T* STAND IN THE SHADOW OF WHAT MIGHT BE, BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU!

STOP ME IF *NONE* OF THIS MAKES ANY *SENSE* TO YOU.

STILL GOT A *GREEN LIGHT*, DO I?

WELL THEN, THIS IS THE PART WHERE I SAY IT'S BEEN *SWELL*, LOIS. I ALWAYS KNEW I WAS ON BORROWED TIME HERE...

GOOD-BYE, KID. HAVE A GOOD *ONE*.

I KNOW I *WON'T*.

JOSE...

I'M SORRY-- I'M SO SORRY...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, JIM.

JIM?

HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME SINCE WE LEFT THAT S.T.A.R. LABS FACILITY...

HIS HEARTBEAT AND RESPIRATION ALL READ NORMAL, SO I ASSUME HIS SILENCE IS DELIBERATE.

I GUESS JIMMY'S DNA ISN'T THE ONLY THING THAT'S DIFFERENT...

HE SEEMS TO HAVE AN ATTITUDE TOWARDS ME.

THIS IS SOOOO WEIRD--I CAN'T SEE OR HEAR A THING IN HERE...

ONE BENEFIT IS I DON'T HAVE TO HEAR ANY MORE LECTURES.

CAN'T BELIEVE SUPES THROUGH ALL OF THIS...

I THOUGHT HE WAS A FRIEND, YET HE'S PUSHING ME AROUND AGAINST MY WIL--

AM I NUTS OR DID SOMETHING JUST BRUSH MY FOOT?

NAHHH. COULDN'T 'VE.

I'M DIS-APPOINTED IN YOU, JAMES --I TOLD YOU THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS WOULD GET YOU INTO TROUBLE!

MOM-- CAT-- PERRY?

YOU? I WOULDN'T BE SEEN IN PUBLIC WITH A FREAK LIKE YOU!

SORRY OLSEN -- WE'RE RUNNING A NEWSPAPER, NOT A SIDESHOW.

I'M NOT A FREAK!

I'M NOT!

FIRE-HAIR...

FIRE-HAIR-- WE NEED YOU...

TEHRA NEEDS YOU...

TEHRA?

HOW COULD I FORGET HER OR MY TRIP TO THE MIDDLE EAST?*

*In Adventures of Superman #443

BUT... WHO ARE YOU?

YOU REMEMBER TEHRA. I AM HER BROTHER...

I...AM HUSQUE.

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YES I CAN HEAR YOU. WAIT, DON'T FADE! TELL ME ABOUT TEHRA!

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

OWWW! WHO TURNED THE LIGHTS ON?

EASY DOES IT, JIM.

EEEYAHHH!

OOOOOOH!

Admitta Section 367

WH-WHO IS *THAT?*

THAT'S *DUBBILEX*...

...HE'S GOING TO HELP YOU.

HELP ME? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME WITH THAT?!

HE'S A FRIEND, JIM, SO DON'T BE AFRAID.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND-- :EEOWWW:

PLEASE ...CALM DOWN!

IT APPEARS, SUPERMAN, THAT *YOU* ARE UP-SETTING THE BOY MORE THAN I...

I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE US TO OUR BUSINESS.

IF YOU THINK IT'S BEST...

WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HE-- :UGH:

DON'T DO THIS TO ME...

I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU LATER, *JIMMY.*

NO. *NO!*

YOU ONLY MAKE IT WORSE BY STRUGGLING, SON.

GUARDIAN, HOWCOM WE CAN'T GO OUT TO THE *PITCHERS*?

SCRAPPER IS REFERRING TO THE *CINEMA*...

HOT DOG!

THE *NEWSBOY LEGION'S* NEXT SCHEDULED OUTING IS A WEEK FROM NOW!

BUT WE'RE JUST KIDS--AN' WE DON'T FOLLOW SKEJULES!

WE LIKE THAT, UH-- WHAT *BIG WOID* AM I LOOKING FOR?

SPONTANEITY?

NAHHH, DAT AIN'T IT.

WE WANNA *DO* STUFF WHEN WE GET DA OIGE! :*MUMPHH*:

GUARDIAN, NO OFFENSE, BUT WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO OUR '*DADS*'.

YOUR DADS ARE BUSY HELPING A FRIEND OF SUPER-MAN'S IN THE LAB.

SUPERMAN'S BUDDY? YOU MEAN, LIKE THE *FLASH*?

...OR *CYBORG* OF THE TEEN TITANS?

NEVER YOU *MIND*, TOMMY, FLIP...

MAKE ME *PROUD* OF YOU AND FINISH YOUR SCHOOL LESSONS!

AWWW, GEEZ.

DON'T QUITE AGREE WITH THE WAY *MY* BOYS, THE ORIGINAL NEWSBOY LEGION, TREAT THEIR YOUNG COUNTERPARTS!

KEEPING THEM ISOLATED IN HERE-- THAT'S NO WAY FOR A KID TO GROW UP!

THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE TOLERATED *THIS*.

WHY DON'T WE CRAWL THROUGH THE AIR DUCTS TO THE LAB...

...THEN WE CAN ASK OUR DADS OURSELVES.

YER READIN' MY MIND, FLIP, 'CEPT I SAY WE JUST *BUST OUTTA* DIS JOINT!

AFTER WE GIVE SUPERMAN'S PAL A "*LOOK-SEE.*"

GEE, WHAT A SWELL IDEA, TOMMY!

I'M AFRAID THIS ROOM IS A BIT *UNSETTLING* FOR ME, SO I'LL LEAVE YOU TO DOCTORS TOMPKINS AND JOHNSON.

I'M TOM, AND THIS IS WALT!

JIM, SUPERMAN TOLD US YOU CONTRACTED A *SPACE VIRUS* THAT CAUSED YOUR *ELASTIC SEIZURES*, AND ALTERED YOUR *DNA*.

DID HE TELL YOU *HE* GAVE IT TO ME?

YES, AND HE ALSO TOLD US THE VIRUS WAS *MUTATED* BY AN UNKNOWN ENERGY SOURCE*, CAUSING YOUR UNUSUAL REACTION.

*IT WAS THE KRYPTONIAN ARTIFACT --THE *ERADICATOR*.

USING A CELL SAMPLE FROM YOU, WE *MAPPED* YOUR *DNA*, IN ORDER TO *IDENTIFY* THE *ABNORMAL GENE* CREATED BY THE *VIRUS*.

WE THEN COMBINED AN ANTIBODY *PRODUCING* CELL WITH A *MUTATED* CELL TO CREATE A *HYBRIDOMA*, OR ANTIBODY FACTORY.

CAN YOU SAY THAT IN ENGLISH?

SORRY, I'M STARTING TO SOUND LIKE MY COLLEAGUE, "*BIG-WORDS.*"

THIS *HYBRIDOMA* PRODUCES ANTIBODIES WHICH TARGET AND REPAIR THE GENETIC DAMAGE CELL-BY-CELL-- LIKE A CELLULAR *PAC-MAN*.

IT WORKS AT ROUGHLY THE SAME PACE AS YOUR BODY'S NATURAL CELL REPLICATION PROCESS.

THIS'LL MAKE YOU *REAL* SLEEPY IN A SECOND, SON.

FSST!

HOW LONG BEFORE I'M CURED?

OH, I'D SAY IT'LL TAKE A FEW YEARS TO RUN ITS COURSE.

YEARS???

AS MUCH AS I'M IN DEBT TO THE GUARDIAN AND THE DOCTORS AT PROJECT CADMUS FOR THEIR HELP FROM TIME TO TIME...

...I'M STILL UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE SCOPE OF THEIR GENETIC RESEARCH.

THE WORK IS ONLY AS *ETHICAL* AS THE *MEN* WHO DO IT...

THAT WAS NEVER MORE CLEARLY SHOWN THAN WHEN *SLEEZ* TOOK CONTROL OF THEM SOME TIME BACK...*

* IN SUPERMAN ANNUAL #2

Lex-

SHU

NON-STO

JEXAIR

...CREATING *CLONES* OF THE NEWSBOY--HMM, MY SUPER-HEARING IS PICKING UP A *BURGLAR ALARM*...

..."AT THE HOB'S LANE SAVINGS BANK."

I SAID *GET DOWN!*

YOU HIT THE *ALARM!* I SAW YOU!

YOU SNEAKY SACK OF...

OPEN A NEW ACCOUNT 9¾

THIS HAS *NOT* BEEN A GOOD DAY FOR ME.

FIRST I *TALK* MYSELF *OUT* OF A RELATIONSHIP WITH THE WOMAN I LOVE...

NEXT THING I'M VICTIMIZED BY ROBBERS!

LISTEN, *ORCA*, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A NEW BLOW-HOLE FOR *THAT!!*

WHY ME, LORD? WHY ALL THIS *PRESSURE?*

I'M NO *HERO*. IF I GET *UP*--I GET *SHOT*...

THEN AGAIN, I CAN'T SIT BY AND WATCH A GUY GET *WASTED*.

YOU! KEEP YOUR HEAD *DOWN!*

OH, HELL. I MAY NOT BE SUPERMAN, BUT THAT NEVER STOPPED ME ME BEFORE!

EYAAHH! MY KNEE!

POP!

HIT THE FLOOR, "BIG BOY."

OKAY, NOW-- PUT THE GUN DOWN, NICE AND EASY!

MANAGER

YOU'RE BLUFFIN'-- UHNN

WRONG GUESS!

BRRRRP

BRRRP

DON'T EVEN WIGGLE YOUR EARS, PANCHO.

CHARLIE! GET UP AND CHECK ON KATE!

KATE? I GUNNED DOWN A GIRL? WHY DIDN'T SHE BACK OFF?

AT LEAST THIS GUY DIDN'T SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER.

KATE NEEDS MEDICAL HELP NOW.

ONE SLUG PIERCED HER RIGHT LUNG, ANOTHER IS LODGED IN HER SHOULDER.

CHARLIE?

HOW'D YOU--? SUPERMAN?!

BETTER LET IT GO.

TROUBLE SURE SEEMS TO FIND YOU, JOSE.

I DIDN'T WANT THIS.

MOVE IT, SLIME-BALL.

JOSE DELGADO? YOU *USED* TO BE GANGBUSTER!

YOU SAVED ME!

UH, YEAH.

THIS AIN'T MID-TOWN, HENDERSON!

I *STARTED* IN THIS SLUM, *PAL!*

JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET STATEMENTS FROM *ALL* THE WITNESSES.

I'LL TALK TO *HIM.*

DELGADO, YOU WERE *LUCKY* THIS TIME...

NEXT TIME YOU FIRE AN AUTOMATIC WEAPON IN A ROOM-FUL OF PEOPLE, YOU WON'T BE!

I WAS IN *OVER* MY HEAD...

...TRYING TO *PROVE* SOMETHING.

"MY FAT WAS IN THE FIRE, AND SUPERMAN SAVED ME AGAIN!

"I'M GETTING TO BE ANOTHER JIMMY OLSEN."

HEY, HE'S *SLEEPING!*

TOIN THE LIGHTS ON SO'S I KIN LOOKIT HIS MUG!

NO, USE MY *ELECTRIC LANTERN!*

WHO-- WHO'S THERE?

HEY! WHO IS THIS GUY?

I'M JIMMY OLSEN. WHO ARE--

SAAAY, YOU GUYS LOOK FAMILIAR!

YER SUPERMAN'S *PAL?*

NO, NOT ANYMORE.

HE BROUGHT ME HERE, BUT *ALL* I WANT IS TO GO *HOME!*

YOU *LIVE* IN METROPOLIS? WE WANT *OUT* TO GO TO A PITCHER, THE *CI-NEE-MA* THERE, FOR A COUPLA HOURS!

WE KNOW HOW TA GET OUTTA *HERE*, BUT YOU GOTTA BUY US *POPSCORN* AND *SODEY-POP* AT THE MOVIE. *DEAL?*

IT'S A DEAL.

ONLY, HOW DO WE GET TO METROPOLIS? SUPERMAN HAD TO *FLY* ME HERE.

WELL, WE USED TO SNEAK OUT VIA THE DERELICT AQUEDUCT SYSTEM ABOVE US, INTO SUICIDE SLUM.

YEAH, BUT OUR DADS SET UP MOTION-SENSORS IN THE TUNNELS.

BUT FLIP, THERE *IS* ANOTHER WAY! LET'S GO TO THE MOTOR POOL.

SNAP

HURRY, THROUGH THE AIR VENT.

HEY! WHAT A GREAT IDEA, TOMMY.

"OOOH, WHAT A GREAT IDEA, TOMMY."

A LITTLE CRAMPED IN HERE.

SHADDAP, AND KEEP MOVIN', RUSTY!

WHAT IS *THAT?*

IT'S DA WHIZ WAGON.

THE MEANEST, FASTEST CAR THIS SIDE OF THE BATMOBILE!

... SO I SAID TO HIM, "IF *THAT'S* ALL IT TAKES, I'LL TAKE ***TWO.***"

HA HA HA HA

BAM!

PROJECT GUARDS.
KEEP DOWN, KNUCKLE-HEAD!
I JUST THOUGHT OF A PROBLEM PERTAINING TO THE WHIZ WAGON.
SHHHH
cadmus
MOTOR POOL SECTION
IF YOU FELLOWS WOULD'VE APPRISED ME OF YOUR INTENT, I COULD HAVE PROCURED THE NECESSARY RADIO TRANSMITTER.
WAIT! MY SIGNAL WATCH!
I STOPPED WEARING IT-- FOR PERSONAL REASONS. TAKE IT.
IT EMITS A SONIC FREQUENCY.
SPLENDID. PERHAPS WITH A MODIFICATION I CAN INDUCE IT TO *MIMIC* THE SIGNAL THAT SUMMONS THE VEHICLE.
AIDED BY A HANDY POCKET SCREWDRIVER-- VOILA!
EEP EEE EEE EEP EEEEP
HEY! YA DONE IT. SHE'S STARTED UP!
HELLO, BOYS! I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE CALLED ON ME TODAY...
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
BIG WORDS, BYPASS THE COMPUTER BEFORE SHE GIVES US AWAY!
HERE-- PUT THIS ON. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CONTROL HER MENTALLY.
ME? BUT WHY--
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WITH A DRIVER'S PERMIT OLD ENOUGH TO DRIVE!
AWWW, I WANTED TO DRIVE!
NO WAY, GABBY!
10
VVVROOOMM
16

WHOA! YOU'RE THINKING THE WAGON TO GO TOO FAST!

COMMUNICATE TO "HER" THAT WE WANT TO GO TO THE ZOOMWAY!

ZOOMWAY??

VROOOOM

SHE'S MADE THIS TRIP ONCE BEFORE, BACK WHEN THAT "SLEEZ" GUY TOOK OVER THE "PROJECT." IT'S STORED IN HER MEMORY BANKS.

WATCHIT, TOMMY-- OUR DADS TOLD US TO KEEP IT QUIET.

SHADDAP, GABBY. OLSEN'S ONE OF US, NOW.

ATTENTION, ATTENTION! THIS VEHICLE IS TO BE ALLOWED CLEAR PASSAGE OUT OF THE PROJECT!

I REPEAT-- DO NOT ATTEMPT TO INTERCEPT.

WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- THEY LISTENED TO THE WHIZ WAGON'S WARNING!

IT SEEMED A BIT TOO EASY.

WELL, ONCE WE HIT THE ZOOMWAY, THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US!

I ONLY HOPE WE DON'T HAVE A RUN-IN WITH THE "HAIRIES" OR THEIR "MOUNTAIN OF JUDGMENT!"

I HATE TO SEEM STUPID, YOU GUYS, BUT WHO ARE THE "HAIRIES," AND WHAT IS A "MOUNTAIN OF JUDGMENT?"

I THINK THE HAIRIES BUILT THE ZOOMWAY FOR THIS GIGANTIC-- AHHH, YOU'LL KNOW THE "MOUNTAIN" IF YOU SEE IT!

YEOWW!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, BOYS. THESE ARE MERELY LASER HOLOGRAM IMAGES MEANT TO FRIGHTEN VISITORS FROM THE "WILD AREA."

Y'KNOW, SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK ANY *MOVIE* COULD TOP *THAT!*

GREAT DRIVIN', OLSEN!

PREPARE FOR THE FINAL BARRIER. WATERSHIELDS ACTIVATED.

NO *WONDER* YOU GUYS DON'T GET OUT MORE OFTEN!

"THEY'RE ALMOST THROUGH--SHOULD I NOTIFY SECURITY?"

NO, THEY'RE *MY* RESPONSIBILITY. LET'S DO THIS WITHOUT *V.I.P.* INVOLVEMENT, OKAY? HOLD THE WHIZ WAGON IN THE WILD AREA...

... AND CONTACT SUPERMAN ON A PRIVATE FREQUENCY-- TELL HIM TO MEET ME AT *HABITAT.*

"I HOPE THE HAIRIES WILL TOLERATE ANOTHER TRAVELLER ON THE ZOOMWAY."

YIPEEEE! FREEDOM!

WE'RE *FLYING?* IS THERE *ANYTHING* THIS CRATE CAN'T DO?

OH, THAT'S HABITAT DOWN THERE -- THE HAIRIES CREATED IT, AND THEN ABANDONED IT FOR THE ZOOMWAY.

THAT'S PRETTY INDUSTRIOUS OF THEM! IT'S AMAZING THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO *HIDE* IT IN PLAIN SIGHT AMONG THESE GIANT TREES.

ONCE YOU GET HIGH ENOUGH UP IT DOES GET LOST IN ALL THE GREEN -- *HEY!*

WHY'RE WE GOIN' IN *CIRCLES?*

I'M SORRY, BOYS, BUT MY PROGRAMMING FORBIDS ME TO VENTURE BEYOND THE WILD AREA.

THE WHIZ WAGON MUST *STILL* BE UNDER OUR DADS' CONTROL--WE'VE JUST BEEN ON A LONG LEASH!

GET READY, JIMMY. I'M EFFECTING A *MANUAL OVERRIDE* TO PUT *YOU* IN CONTROL.

AWWW, WE GOT US SOME *SOOPER* COMPANY...

...IT'S *YER PAL!*

HE'S *NOT* MY PAL ANYMORE--*HE* GOT ME INTO ALL OF THIS!

I'M PREPARING AN OFFENSIVE STRATEGY AGAINST *INTRUDER!*

FIRING CONCUSSION GRENADE...

BAD OOM

GOOD GOLLY, JIMMY, THE WAGON IS TRANSLATING YOUR ANGER AGAINST SUPERMAN INTO AN ATTACK PLAN!

WE'RE TAKING EVASIVE ACTION NOW, BOYS AND HEADING FOR BAKERLINE!

YOU *PROMISED* TO TAKE US TO *METROPOLIS!*

FORGET *THAT!* EASE UP, JIM, SUPEY'S HAD ENOUGH!

WHUMP

WHY ON EARTH WOULD JIMMY AND THE NEWSBOYS *ATTACK* UNPROVOKED--UNLESS...

...THEY'RE *NOT* IN CONTROL OF THAT VEHICLE--IT'S FIRING ERRATICALLY...

MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS THAT IT'S POWERED BY A *FUEL BURNING* JET PROPULSION ENGINE...

THAT'S *GOOD*. A TOUCH OF MY *HEAT VISION* SHOULD DISABLE THE *FUEL PUMP*...

GOT TO BE PRECISE -- JUST *ENOUGH* HEAT TO BURN THROUGH THE HOUSING, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO *IGNITE* THE *FUEL* MIXTURE.

SPUT SPUT

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M SORRY, BOYS, I'VE BEEN DISABLED--PREPARE FOR A WATER LANDING...

HOLD ON-- I'LL CATCH YOU!

GUARDIAN! YOU OUGHT TO KEEP BETTER TRACK OF YOUR PALS!

BOYS WILL BE BOYS AFTER ALL!

THANKS FOR CORRALLING THEM, THOUGH!

A LITTLE JOYRIDE??

JIMMY, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU--WHY DIDN'T YOU *WAIT* FOR ME TO GET YOU?

DON'T SPEAK TO ME LIKE I'M A *CHILD*!

YOU GUYS WILL BE *REALLY LUCKY* IF I CAN KEEP YOUR *DADS* FROM FINDING OUT ABOUT *THIS*!

YOU JUST WOULDN'T *LISTEN*!

I DIDN'T WANT TO BE *HERE* IN THE *FIRST PLACE*!

I - I'M SORRY. YOU WANT TO GO *HOME*, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE.

NOT IN THAT *CAPE* OF YOURS!

YOU WON'T WRAP ME UP LIKE A BURRITO AGAIN! I'D RATHER *WALK* HOME!

I HAVE A SUGGESTION, SUPERMAN. I'LL TAKE *MR.* OLSEN HOME...

...SO *BOTH* OF YOU CAN COOL DOWN BEFORE THINGS ARE SAID THAT *CAN'T* BE TAKEN BACK.

FINE!

GEE, CAN I RIDE IN YOUR *SCARY* CAPE?

SORRY, GABBY-- MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME.

FOR NOW, I NEED TO TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S CAUSED THIS RIFT BETWEEN JIMMY AND ME.

NEXT ISSUE • *Out of Sight Out of Mind*

BUT FIRST JOIN US IN *ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN* #460 FOR, "BE IT EVER SO DEADLY" AND THEN IN *ACTION COMICS* #647 FOR "BRAIN DRAIN"

IT'S BEEN SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS SINCE MAN FIRST STEPPED INTO THE CENTER OF ANTARCTICA'S ENDURING MAJESTY.

PUNISHING TEMPERATURES THAT ONCE REACHED A MINUS 193°F STILL DISCOURAGE CIVILIZATION FROM HER BORDERS.

YET SHE ABOUNDS IN THE RICHES OF MINERALS, GAS AND OIL. THAT BEING THE CASE...

...MAN WILL NEVER BE TOO FAR FROM HER.

FUP FUP FUP

DO YOU BELIEVE IT? A WIFE, THREE KIDS, ANOTHER ON THE WAY AND I'M STUCK PULLING EXTRA TIME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD!

YEAH, BUT WHAT OTHER CHOPPER PILOTS GET THE THRILLS YOU DO, MARTY?

FUP FUP FUP

AFTER ALL, IT WAS JUST A COUPLA DAYS AGO THAT WE ACTUALLY GOT TO MEET SUPERMAN!*

FUP FUP FUP FUP

AS DETAILED IN ACTION #646

OKAY, PETERS, YOU GOT YOUR POINT. WATCHIN' THE MAN OF STEEL DECK THAT BEASTIE *WAS* PRETTY AWESOME.

GOOD! NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH OUR WORK--

--FIGURING OUT THE CAUSE OF ALL THE *SEISMIC* ACTIVITY AROUND HERE!

THE OUTPOST IS EIGHTY-FIVE MILES FROM HERE AND WE'VE BEEN REGISTERING THE SHOCKWAVES-- WITHOUT OUR INSTRUMENTS.

NEAR AS WE CAN TELL, THE EPICENTER IS IN THIS FISSURE! AND I --

GOOD LORD, MARTY! WHAT THE DEVIL IS *THAT*?!

ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 460 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $9.00, Canada $14.00, all other foreign $21.00. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1989 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives, 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A.
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HEY!

YIIIIIII! THESE STEEL CABLES -- THEY'RE ACTING LIKE THEY HAVE *MINDS OF THEIR OWN!*

WHOA! THIS IS CRAZY! WHAT'S DOWN THERE? ANOTHER... *MONSTER?!*

UHH -- CAN'T *BREATHE...*

AIIIIEEEEEE

ϑ=ΠΔ∇Ô.

ØV=ⅡIIO!!=ΔΔΣX.

∇!ØØ÷:Δ=ⅠJ∩.

METROPOLIS

I'VE SEEN YOU SPORTING A LOT OF DIFFERENT LOOKS, LOIS, BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THIS ONE SEEMS A BIT... DERIVATIVE!

OF COURSE IT'S DERIVATIVE, CLARK! IT'S THE 'PERRY WHITE' LOOK!

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO LOOK LIKE THE CHIEF YOU'LL NEED FIFTY MORE POUNDS AND A CHEAP CIGAR!

Snacks

Cold Soda

FIFTY? TRY A HUNDRED?

SORRY, I --

NICE TRY, CLARK... BUT IT'S NOT WORKING ANYWAY... I STILL CAN'T GET MY MIND OFF POOR JIMMY OLSEN.

IF SUPERMAN DOESN'T SUCCEED IN CURING HIS STRETCHING PROBLEM--

CAREFUL.

SUPERMAN IS A GOOD GUY, LOIS, BUT HE'S NO MIRACLE WORKER! WE CAN'T ALLOW OURSELVES TO EXPECT TOO MUCH...

THIS IS JIMMY WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!

AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT PROFESSOR HAMILTON TOLD ME THAT SUPERMAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DILEMMA--SO HE HAS TO DO SOMETHING!

HAMILTON TOLD YOU THAT? I-- AAIIIRGH!

CLARK!?

OH, GOSH, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT INFECTED TOO!

N-NO, IT'S JUST A HEADACHE--SO SUDDEN AND PAINFUL THAT--

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU. WANT ME TO CALL A DOCTOR?

NO! I-I'LL BE FINE ONCE I GET AN ASPIRIN...

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT? NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU LOOK AWFUL!

THANKS, BUT NO. JUST GOTTA GET SOME PEACE AND QUIET.

MAYBE SOME FRESH AIR...

ODD. IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE KNOWN CLARK KENT I'VE NEVER REALLY KNOWN HIM TO BE SICK!

I GUESS IT IS POSSIBLE THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN PAYING THAT MUCH ATTENTION TO CLARK.

EMP
LOUN

GUESS I HAVE TAKEN HIM FOR GRANTED ALL THIS TI--

EXCUSE ME, MS. LANE...

...BUT I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR CLARK KENT! ANY CHANCE YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO POINT ME IN HIS GENERAL DIRECTION?

I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE, MISTER...

AH, FORGIVE MY MANNERS, DEAR LADY.

I JUST ASSUMED YOU MIGHT HAVE RECOGNIZED ME FROM OUR PARTY MEETING SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

DAILY
NIXON

COLLIN THORNTON, PUBLISHER OF *NEWSTIME* MAGAZINE.

WELL, MR. THORNTON, *YOU'LL* HAVE TO FORGIVE MY MEMORY!

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AFTER OUR ILLUSTRIOUS COLUMNIST?

CLARK KENT IS A VERY TALENTED WRITER WHOSE WORK HAS HELD MY INTEREST FOR QUITE SOME TIME.

HIS SERIES ON QURAC AND HIS INTERGANG EXPOSÉS WERE BOTH MARVELOUS!

IN TRUTH, I INTEND TO *HIRE* THE MAN!

HIRE KENT?

WHY?!

WHY NOT *ME*? I'M A BETTER WRITER WITH TWICE THE DRAMATIC FLAIR AND AWARDS.

AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT, YOU'RE INCREDIBLY MODEST, AS WELL, I SEE.

UNFORTUNATELY I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A WRITER...

...I'M LOOKING FOR A NEW *MANAGING EDITOR*.

AU REVOIR, MS. LANE.

UHN...I'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED A HEADACHE THAT SUDDEN AND *INTENSE* BEFORE!

WHY HAS IT LEFT ME FEELING SO WEAK AND DRAINED?

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY AFFECT A SUPERMAN LIKE THIS?

UH OH... IT'S STARTING AGAIN! GETTING DIZZY...

EVERYTHING'S SWIRLING... SPINNING...

WHAT THE--?

THE ERADICATOR!?

HOLD IT! NOW EVERYTHING IS BACK TO NORMAL! DID I HALLUCINATE THE ERADICATOR OR--?

...AND THEN IT ACTUALLY *RESTRUCTURED* JIMMY OLSEN'S *DNA CODE!*

I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF IT WHEN I BURIED IT IN THE ANTARCTIC...

NO! EVER SINCE I BROUGHT THAT KRYPTONIAN ARTIFACT BACK FROM SPACE IT'S CAUSED ONE NIGHTMARE AFTER ANOTHER!

FIRST IT DESTROYED MY APARTMENT WHEN MATRIX TOUCHED IT...

BE IT EVER SO DEADLY

...BUT IT SEEMS I WAS MISTAKEN!

THE ERADICATOR IS STILL FUNCTIONING...

...STILL INTERFERING IN MY LIFE!

NEXT STOP. ANTARCTICA!

DAN JURGENS
STORY AND PENCILS
ANDY KUBERT
FINISHED INKS
ALBERT DE GUZMAN
LETTERS
GLENN WHITMORE
COLORS
JONATHAN PETERSON
ASSOC. EDITOR
MIKE CARLIN
EDITOR

SUPERMAN®

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

SOMETIMES I REGRET THE DAY THE OLD CLERIC GAVE ME THAT THING!

BUT HE SAVED IT ALL THOSE YEARS... FOR ME, THE LAST KRYPTONIAN!

SINCE THEN THERE'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN A LINK-- A *BOND*, BETWEEN THE ERADICATOR AND ME, THAT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND!

AND IT *HAS* DONE ME SOME GOOD...

NOT ONLY DID IT RECREATE THESE CLOTHES, BUT IT WAS ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING ME BACK TO EARTH!

IF IT COULD DO ALL THAT, *SURELY* IT COULD COMMUNICATE WITH ME ACROSS HALF A PLANET!

IS THERE *ANYTHING* IT *CAN'T* DO?

THERE'S SO MUCH I DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT, I--

EEWOOOO UUUEE

SOUNDS LIKE A *WHALE* IN DISTRESS... AND I BET I KNOW WHY!

JUST AS I SUSPECTED. A PIRATE WHALER LOOKING TO SCORE SOME BOOTY FOR THE BLACK MARKET!

AND THERE'S THE BIG GUY... RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE!

"FIGURES! THEY'RE GOING AFTER A **HUMPBACK**-- THERE ARE SO FEW OF THEM LEFT!

"THIRTY-FIVE TONS OF LIFE AND THOSE POACHERS ARE GOING TO KILL IT AS SOON AS IT RESURFACES FOR AIR!"

HELLO, GENTLEMEN. NO LECTURES, NO SPEECH, NO ALTERNATIVES. JUST THIS...

KNOCK IT OFF!

CRR

PLENTY OF WAYS TO STOP THEM, THOUGH, AND I'M BETTING THAT THIS BOAT WON'T GO ANYWHERE WITH ITS PROPS MELTED!

YA BLOODY, FLYING FOOL! WE CAN'T GO NOWHERE NOW! HOW WE GONNA GET TO SHORE?

I SUGGEST YOU DO WHAT ALL SAILORS IN DISTRESS DO...

CALL THE COAST GUARD!

HEY, YOU GOT NO JURISDICTION HERE, THESE IS INTERNATIONAL WATERS!

YOU CAN'T DO NUTHIN' TO US!

AUTHORITY IS A MORAL ISSUE, CAPTAIN...

...AND THAT MEANS THERE'S QUITE A LOT I CAN DO!

I'M TEMPTED TO SINK THE WHOLE VESSEL--

--BUT I'D END UP WASTING TOO MUCH TIME SAVING THE CREW!

NOW, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN AND LISTEN GOOD, THORNTON!

YOU CAN OFFER HIM MONEY, CARS, ...ANYTHING!

HELL, YOU CAN EVEN MAKE HIM *PRESIDENT* OF YOUR BLASTED MAGAZINE!

I DON'T CARE *WHAT* YOU OFFER HIM--

--YOU AREN'T GOING TO GET *CLARK KENT*!

WHY DON'T WE LET *HIM* MAKE THAT DECISION, WHITE?

KENT IS ONE OF THE BEST! HIS WRITING REPRESENTS A CROSS SECTION OF AMERICA THAT MOST WRITERS MISS!

THAT KANSAS UPBRINGING HAS GIVEN KENT AN ENDURING GIFT, WHITE...

...HE *KNOWS* PEOPLE AND HOW TO REACH THEM!

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT? CLARK KENT IS A SUCCESSFUL COLUMNIST BECAUSE HE HAS *PRINCIPLES*!

EXACTLY! WHICH MAKES HIM PERFECT TO HEAD UP A WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE!

YOU'RE DOING THIS BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED BACK IN '77! RIGHT?

THAT WAS BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THORNTON-- LEAVE KENT OUT OF IT!

I'M DOING THIS BECAUSE CLARK KENT IS A GOOD MAN AND I WANT HIM!

AND YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT WHAT COLLIN THORNTON WANTS--

--COLLIN THORNTON GETS!

ANTARCTICA.

ALL THIS MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE ERADICATOR IS ONLY SERVING TO REMIND ME OF SOMETHING I TRY TO AVOID THINKING ABOUT...

PHYSICALLY I'M NOT HUMAN--BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT REALLY MEANS TO BE KRYPTONIAN EITHER.

MY FATHER, JOR-EL, TAUGHT ME *ABOUT* KRYPTON* BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WILL MEAN TO ME HERE ON EARTH.

MAN OF STEEL #6.

MA AND PA DID SUCH A GOOD JOB MAKING ME FEEL AT HOME--LIKE A NORMAL PERSON--IT WAS EASY TO FORGET I'M AN ALIEN.

BUT MEETING THE CLERIC AND "INHERITING" HIS ERADICATOR HAS CHANGED THAT!

NOW MY FRIENDS AND I ARE DEALING WITH KRYPTON'S LEGACY ON A DAILY BASIS!

WHEN I DISCARDED THE ERADICATOR I THOUGHT I COULD GO BACK TO NORMAL...

...BUT JUDGING BY THIS MORNING'S PAINFUL MIRAGE I WAS WRONG!

HMM... THIS IS THE CREVICE I CHUCKED IT IN.

IN FACT, I THOUGHT THAT-- *GOOD LORD!*

THE ERADICATOR COULDN'T HAVE DONE *THIS!*

THIS TOWER IS RISING FROM THE EXACT SAME SPOT I TOSSED THE ERADICATOR!

AND THERE'S NO DOUBT...

...THE THING IS DEFINITELY A PRODUCT OF KRYPTONIAN DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY!

THE CONSTRUCTION IS *INCREDIBLE!*

IT'S SEAMLESS--AS THOUGH IT WERE *WOVEN* RATHER THAN *ASSEMBLED!*

I'M NOT SURE, BUT MY GUESS IS THAT IT'S SOME SORT OF SOLAR CONVERTER --COLLECTING ENERGY FROM THE SUN! BUT *WHY?*

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT--HAVE TO FOLLOW IT STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM!

IT GOES FAR DEEPER THAN THE FISSURE DID--I'M ALREADY AT LEAST *10,000* FEET DOWN!

WAIT--! THAT CAVERN AHEAD...

IT CAN'T BE! IN JUST A FEW SHORT DAYS THE ERADICATOR HAS MANAGED TO FASHION AN ENTIRE FORTRESS OUT OF THE ICE AND ROCK!

...THE TECHNOLOGY...

...THE ROBOTS...

...EVEN THE MATERIALS THEMSELVES ARE ALL FROM *KRYPTON*!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT BUT I HAVE THE UNEASY FEELING THAT IT CAN'T BE GOOD!

THAT SHAFT DESCENDS WAY TOO FAR INTO THE EARTH--

--AND WITH THE ARTIFACT BEHIND THIS SCHEME--

--I'D BETTER MAKE SURE IT'S NOT ABOUT TO *ERADICATE* ANYTHING!

< YOU APPEAR PERPLEXED, TRAVELLER. >

< ALLOW US TO ASSIST YOU, SIR. >

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU TWO ARE SPEAKING KPYPTONESE--

--BUT YOU'RE THE TWO AMERICAN SCIENTISTS I MET HERE WEDNESDAY--! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

< YOU INDICATE WE KNOW EACH OTHER, YET WE HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THAT! >

< OUR PURPOSE IS TO FULFILL THE GRAND DESIGN. >

< INDEED. THE *DESTINY OF AGES* MUST BE CARRIED OUT. *REBIRTH* MUST TAKE PLACE. >

LOOK, THE ERADICATOR OBVIOUSLY DID SOMETHING TO YOU TWO--*CHANGED* YOU IN SOME BIZARRE WAY!

THOSE HEADBANDS EMBEDDED IN YOUR SKIN--! IT'S *CONTROLLING YOUR MINDS!*

< WE ARE AS WE NEED TO BE. >

< OUR TASK IS TO BRING MATERIALS THROUGH THE GATEWAY. >

WHAT *GRAND DESIGN* ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? *WHY* ARE YOU BRINGING MATERIALS THROUGH THE "GATEWAY"?

FOR THAT MATTER, WHAT EXACTLY IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT GATEWAY? IS IT ANOTHER DIMENSION WHERE THE ROBOTS ARE MAKING ALL THIS STUFF?

YOU TWO CAN'T TELL ME ANYTHING-- YOU'VE BECOME *WORKER DRONES!* THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I CAN FIND THE ANSWERS I NEED...

...AND I PLAN TO GET THEM RIGHT NOW! THE ERADICATOR GAVE ME THOSE HEADACHES -- "LURED" ME HERE FOR A REASON!

< THE CONTROLLER TELLS NOTHING, ONLY WHAT TASKS MUST BE FULFILLED. >

I'VE COMMUNICATED WITH YOUR "CONTROLLER" BEFORE--

--IT'S TIME TO DO SO AGAIN.

< HEED MY WARNING, PEOPLE OF KRYPTON! WE MUST PROTEST WITH ALL OUR HEARTS THIS FOULEST OF BLASPHEMIES!

< YOUR PRACTICE OF CLONING FOR REPLACEMENT PARTS MUST CEASE, FOR THIS EVIL SCIENCE DEBASES ALL LIFE!>

< THEY CANNOT REPLICATE THE *SOUL*.!>

< CLONING IS AN *AFFRONT* TO ALL CREATION.!>

< DO YOU HEAR THAT, FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE SCIENCE COUNCIL?>

< THIS FANATIC IS STIRRING UP INSURRECTION, UNDERMINING SCIENTIFIC *PROGRESS*.!>

< HE MUST BE *SILENCED*! AND THAT JOB MUST FALL ON YOUR BRILLIANT SHOULDERS...>

<...KEM-L.! YOU MUST DEVISE AN INSTRUMENT THAT WILL NOT ONLY STOP THE CLERIC, BUT PREVENT ANY SIMILAR ACT OF HERESY.

M-ME? OF COURSE...

...THE ERADICATOR WAS CREATED BY ONE OF MY *ANCESTORS*--A MEMBER OF THE *HOUSE OF EL*?!

< TELL ME OF YOUR PROGRESS, KEM-L.!>

<MY WORK GOES WELL, FEN-M.>

< I PRESENT TO YOU THE EMBODIMENT OF KRYPTON AND ALL ITS GLORIOUS IDEALS! >

IT IS CAPABLE OF INITIATING TOTAL ERADICATION, THOUGH IN TRUTH IT IS OUR *SALVATION*.!>

< WHY, IT IS SO *SMALL*, KEM-L! HOW CAN THIS DIMINUTIVE TOOL RESCUE US FROM THE CLERIC'S DANGEROUS RAVINGS? >

< AS AN OFFWORLDER, THE CLERIC'S THOUGHTS ARE TAINTED.. CONTAMINATED BY THE FAULTY TEACHINGS OF *OTHERS*! >

< THE PRISTINE PEAKS OF KRYPTONIAN LIFE MUST REMAIN *PURE*.! >

< EXPLAIN THIS ERADICATOR TO ME! I *MUST* KNOW ITS SECRETS! >

<ITS ULTIMATE PURPOSE, OF COURSE, IS TO INSURE THE IMMORTALITY OF *OUR* LEGACY.! >

< PROPERLY UTILIZED, *THIS* WILL INSURE THAT *OUR SOCIETY* LASTS AS LONG AS KRYPTON ITSELF.! >

< THE ONLY WAY TO ACCOMPLISH THIS IS TO PREVENT FURTHER EXPOSURE TO ANY AND ALL FOREIGN *INFLUENCE*.! >

< THE ERADICATOR WILL ULTIMATELY *BIND* EVERY SOUL TO KRYPTON--

--SLOWLY ESTABLISHING BY GENETIC MANIPULATION A COMMON ELEMENT IN OUR RACE'S GENETIC MATRIX! >

< BLUNTLY, IF A KRYPTONIAN SHOULD LEAVE THIS PLANET HE WILL DIE. CONVERSELY, NO OFFWORLDER WILL BE ABLE TO SURVIVE HERE. >

<ONCE THE DEVICE IS ACTIVATED-- THIS WILL BE THE WAY. >

IRONIC. THESE EVENTS OF THE FIFTH HISTORIC EPOCH WOULD ENDURE-- UNTIL MY FATHER *ERASED* THEM FROM MY GENETIC MAKE-UP!

I WILL BE THE ONLY MAN TO EVER SUCCESSFULLY *LEAVE* THIS PLANET ALIVE!

< WILL THIS NOT NEGATE OUR ABILITIES TO COLONIZE THE COSMOS? >

< THAT IS THE GRAND DESIGN. ULTIMATE PURITY OF LIFE. HERE ON KRYPTON--AS WELL AS ON WORLDS UNINFLUENCED BY OUR WAYS.!>

"< THUS THE INTEGRITY OF OUR WORLD WILL SURVIVE.>

"< AND THOSE THAT WILL TURN THEIR BACKS ON KRYPTON SHALL DIE.!>

SO THAT'S HOW THIS ALL STARTED! KEM-L THOUGHT HE HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT-- BUT HE NEVER PLANNED ON THE ERADICATOR ITSELF LEAVING KRYPTON!

"IF THE CLERIC HAD ONLY KNOWN ITS CAPABILITIES HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE THE LIVES OF MY ANCESTORS ON BOARD HIS ARK! INSTEAD OF ENDING UP ALONE--A PRISONER OF HIS OWN GUILT."

< ONLY NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE *DEPTHS* OF THAT GUILT, KAL-EL.>

< YOU HAVE ALSO BEEN GIVEN THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ARTIFACT'S TRUE PURPOSE-->

<--ERADICATE ALL LIFE SAVE *KRYPTONIAN* LIFE.!>

IS IT A CONSCIOUS ENTITY?

< IN A FASHION, I SUPPOSE. IT IS A CREATION OF MANY MYSTERIOUS LAYERS...

<...YOU HAVE BEEN ALLOWED ACCESS TO SEVERAL LEVELS, BUT THE MYRIAD OF POSSIBILITIES IT HAS IN STORE ARE LOST WITH ITS CREATORS.>

< IT *HAS* ITS *MISSION*--

<--YOU HAVE *YOURS*.!>

< UNFORTUNATELY, THEY ARE *DIVERSE*.>

NO *WONDER* THE ERADICATOR AND I SHARED SOME TYPE OF PSYCHIC LINK!

IT'S NOT ONLY A CREATION OF MY WORLD-- BUT OF *MY FAMILY* AS WELL.

PERHAPS THAT LINK WILL LET ME TURN THE TABLES HERE-- ALLOW ME TO CONTROL IT AS IT HAS CONTROLLED *ME.*

< LISTEN UP, ERADICATOR! I AM KAL-EL, SON OF JOR-EL, DIRECT DESCENDANT OF KEM-L... ?>

< I *DEMAND* THAT YOU *TERMINATE* THE OPERATION IMMEDIATELY! >

BLAST IT ALL, I SAID...

...STOP!

ZZZZAK

SKTOWIE

: UHN : GUESS THE FAMILY TREE'S GOT SOME OLD ROOT ROT!

THOUGHT THE ERADICATOR WOULD OBEY AN *EL*--BUT INSTEAD IT'S HANDING MY HEAD TO ME!

< YOU INTERFERE WITH THE *PURPOSE*, TRAVELLER, AND THAT CANNOT BE PERMITTED. >

< YOU WILL BE TOLERATED NO LONGER. >

UNTIL NOW THE ERADICATOR NEVER DIRECTED ANY HOSTILITY TOWARD ME--

--AND NOW EVEN ITS LACKEYS ARE THREATENING ME!

WHAT--? OH, NO... THE GATEWAY IS *STILL* ACTIVATED!

THE "GRAND DESIGN" CONTINUES REGARDLESS OF MY PRESENCE!

I HAVE ABSOLUTELY *NO CONTROL* OVER THE ERADICATOR!

BREEP

BEEDOOO

SHOOTING SOME KIND OF CABLES! FAST! BARELY GOT OUT OF THE WAY!

CHOOOOM

WHO KNOWS WHAT THOSE SHAFTS WOULD'VE DONE TO ME...

...THOUGH THE ERADICATOR APPARENTLY KNOWS WHAT I CAN DO TO IT!

MY *HEAT VISION* IS HAVING NO EFFECT ON THE METALS THAT MACHINE'S MADE OF!

IT KNOWS ALL MY LIMITATIONS...

...WHILE I KNOW *NOTHING* ABOUT ITS!

DEEEBOOP

BREET

HAVE TO FIND A WEAKNESS-- IT *CAN'T* BE FLAWLESS!

MAYBE IT CAN OUT-THINK ME--

--BUT *US STRONG GUYS* DON'T *ALWAYS* USE OUR HEADS!

BREEE DEEP

I DID IT--! I MADE A DENT IN ITS PERFECTION!

BUT IT'S STILL SITTING THERE--CONTROLLING EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENING HERE!

< I ORDER YOU, ONCE AGAIN, ERADICATOR, TERMINATE YOUR ACTIONS--*NOW*!>

THE ERADICATOR "HEARS" THE COMMAND-- ANALYZES--EVALUATES--

AAAARGHH!

--AND, IN ITS OWN INIMITABLE FASHION, ERADICATES THE OPPOSITION!

SORRY, MISS, EITHER THE GOVERNOR CALLS ME BACK--

--OR HE GETS TO READ ABOUT A CERTAIN HOTEL IN PARIS IN MY COLUMN TOMORROW.

THANK YOOOUUU. I *WILL* HOLD.

LOIS LANE

CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THORNTON IS OFFERING THAT JOB TO KENT!

TOBC

I WAS HOPING TO PUT SOME OF OUR COMPETITIVENESS ASIDE, BUT NOW--

HEY-- HEY!

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL DAY, MR. INVISIBLE MAN!

WAS THE GREAT CLARK KENT OUT DIGGING UP ANOTHER PULITZER PRIZE WINNING SCOOP-- OR WAS HE JUST GOOFING OFF?

WELL, AFTER THAT HEADACHE I DECIDED TO GO *HOME* AND GET SOME REST. IT CLEARED A LOT OF THINGS UP...

I FEEL GREAT NOW--AND I'M READY TO GET BACK TO OL' KEYBOARD! IN FACT--

--IT'S AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED AT ALL!

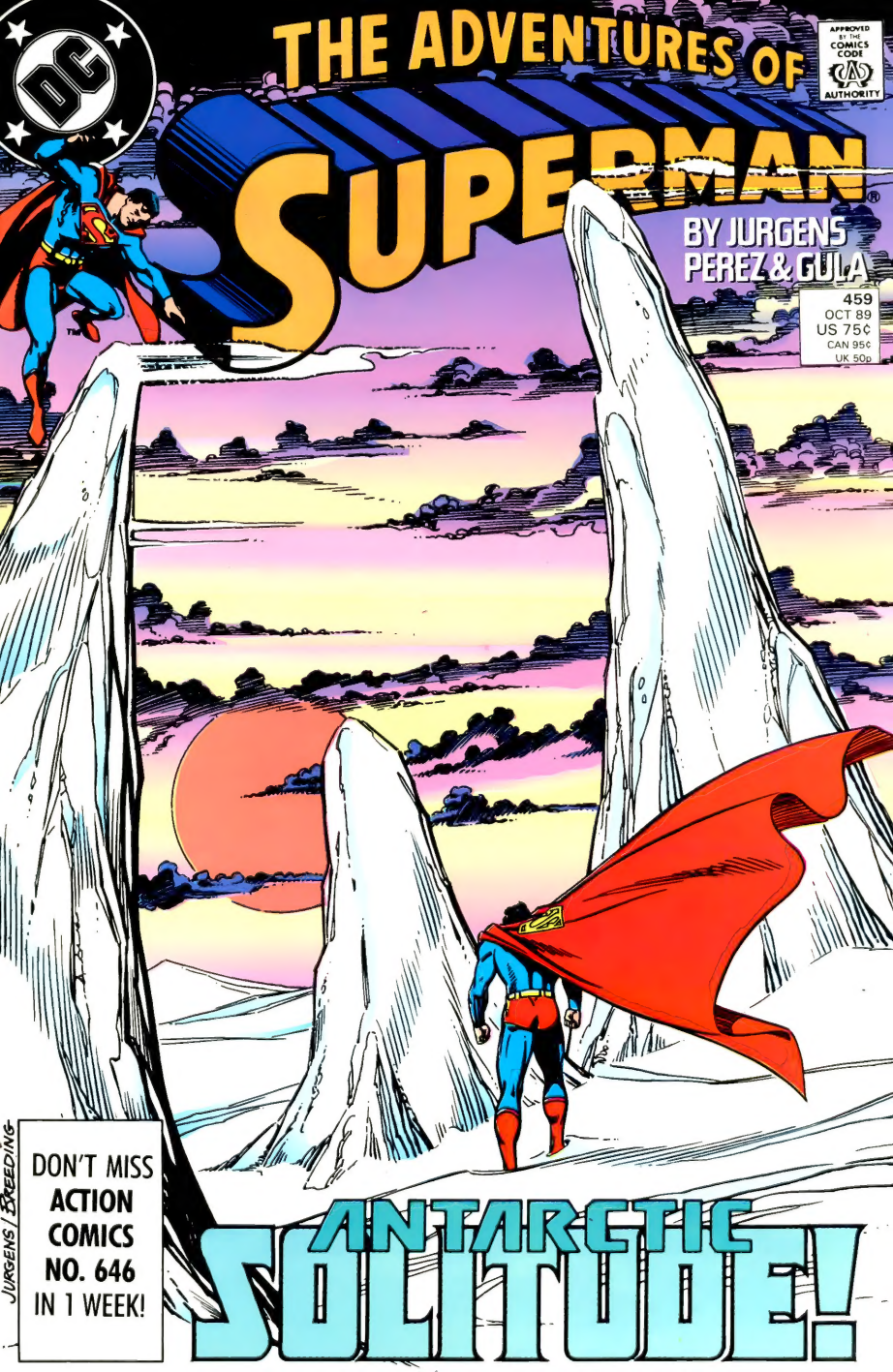
ANTARCTICA

THE WORK CONTINUES.

KRYPTON THRIVES ON EARTH.

NEXT WEEK:

IN ACTION #647-- THE BRAINIAC TRILOGY BEGINS! THEN IN **SUPERMAN #38** *JIMMY OLSEN IS "DISPLACED"! AND FINALLY, BACK HERE IN* **ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #461** *THE ERADICATOR MAKES ITS MOVE!*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